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The Week

THE new Japanese aggression against China was the outstanding event of a stormy week abroad which also saw new Cabinets in France and Great Britain, a dangerous tension between the British and the Italians and the beginning of naval conversations between the British and German governments—conversations that seem foredoomed to failure unless the Baldwin government is prepared to give Hitler everything he wants, including a navy 35 percent as large as the British. The development in the Far East is the most important in years and may have consequences extending far beyond the two countries primarily involved. Japan has now taken over the whole Peiping-Tientsin area in North China, as she took over Jehol and before that, Manchuria, and long ago, Korea. The only reason Japanese troops are not present in the district in large numbers is that the capitulation of the Nanking government made them unnecessary. No Chinese who is not a tool of Japan is to be permitted to continue in any position of authority in the whole area. As in the past, opinion is divided regarding the role of the Chinese dictator, Chiang Kai-shek. Some observers believe that he long ago sold out to Japan. Others consider that he has acquiesced because he knew that military resistance was hopeless and wished to save China from the terrible consequences that would follow an unsuccessful Sino-Japanese war.

IN THE United States, plans for meeting the emergency regarding the N.R.A. continue to dominate the scene. After consulting a host of advisers, President Roosevelt abandoned for the present all ideas of either congressional legislation clipping the wings of the Supreme Court or a constitutional amendment restoring to the N.R.A. the powers it has just lost. He approved a proposal that abolished all codes made with presidential authority, but otherwise continued the N.R.A., as it stands, for another ten months. Progressives in Congress immediately charged that this permitted all the bad features of "self-government by industry" while abolishing protection for wages and hours. As many industries rushed to change their codes into voluntary agreements, the President—as though to answer these progressive critics—pointed out that the anti-trust laws are now once more in effect and that violators are no longer immune from prosecution. The American Federation of Labor has broken with the President and is demanding both a constitutional amendment and immediate legislation protecting labor from the wage cuts and the lengthened hours that President William Green sees developing on every hand. A strike of nearly half a million soft-coal miners threatened, while congressional leaders worked frantically on the Guffey bill, which would take a long step towards complete federal control of the coal industry. Republicans from ten Middle Western states, meeting at Springfield, Illinois, demonstrated that the revivified G.O.P. is singularly like the old one of the Coolidge-Hoover days. They demanded an end of the New Deal and a return to the Constitution.

WHATEVER may be the immediate sequence of events, the broad outline of what is happening in the Far East is clear enough. The Japanese are moving forward, steadily and implacably, in fulfil-

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ment of plans made many years ago. They intend to dominate all of Eastern Asia, in an economic sense, and will not hesitate to hold by force of arms as much territory as is necessary to carry out this purpose. The League of Nations long ago demonstrated its inability to do anything to stop Japan, and it is doubtful whether any other power, or any conceivable combination of powers, could take effective action. It is still more doubtful whether such an attempt would be desirable. This question is likely soon to be presented to the United States in an acute form. Spokesmen for the new Tory government in Great Britain have recently sent up trial balloons regarding the possibility of "coöperative effort" with the United States on behalf of peace. The British are gravely disturbed regarding the Japanese threat to their own interests in the Orient—interests many times greater than our own. There is no doubt that influential persons in England would like to see the British and American fleets used jointly to "keep order" in the Pacific, including under that head, as a special sop to American interest, a joint guarantee of the independence of the Philippines. Such a proposal would be cloaked in words plausible and pleasing: the two great English-speaking nations, we should be told, would join forces to maintain peace throughout the world. Nevertheless, the net result would be that in order to make a probably useless attempt to pull British chestnuts out of the Oriental fire, the United States would run the risk of being drawn into a war that would be the ultimate example of senseless folly.

THE famous $4,000,000,000 work-relief program continues to run into one difficulty after another. The President intends to use this money to take 3,500,000 heads of families off the relief rolls and to spend the sum in not much more than a year. This means, obviously, that the expenditure per capita should not greatly exceed $1,100; yet in allotting the first billion, the cost per worker, including materials, has been about $2,000. On this basis, the number of persons directly aided by the program could be only about 1,750,000. Mr. Roosevelt has therefore put the screws on his subordinates to find projects in which the cost of materials is a negligible item. As Mr. John T. Flynn points out in this issue of The New Republic, such a policy sounds the death knell of the famous housing program. It probably means that, with a few exceptions, most of the projects will be on the general order of the Civil Works Administration—giving people employment at anything and everything that can be thought up, with little regard to its fundamental value if only most of the money can go for wages. Thus we shall get neither works worth having, or, under the President's wage scale, relief on anything but a starvation level. It is no wonder that from all over the country there comes a mounting demand that public works and relief should be separated from one another, that only projects worth doing should be undertaken and that the unemployed who do not happen to be qualified to engage in such projects should be given full and adequate relief.

THE new British Cabinet, which has now thrown off all pretense of being anything but a Tory government, must face as one of its first difficulties the dispute with Italy. The newspapers of the two countries have been engaged in mutual campaigns of recrimination over the question of Ethiopia, the Italians charging the British with secretly doing everything they can to block Mussolini's plans, and Il Duce himself has joined the fray by hinting broadly that Italy is only building an empire for herself as the English did long ago and that Great Britain has no logical grounds for interfering. Tension between the two countries has mounted to such a point that the English are actually talking of closing the Suez Canal to Italian troopships. Meanwhile, the usual compromise proposal has been brought forward. It is suggested that the League of Nations should connive in partitioning Ethiopia into three spheres of influence. The Italians would get the east, the French the central section and the British the west, which would be useful in view of their interests in the Sudan. If this precious scheme should be carried out, even the rape of Manchuria by Japan would seem almost respectable in comparison. For Japan, after all, acted alone and did not call in the League to sanctify her imperialism.

THE "grass roots" convention of Republicans at Springfield, Illinois, which, as we understood it, was to lay the foundation for a liberalized Republican program, has adopted the most conservative possible of stand-pat positions. The Republicans henceforth are to be more constitutional than the Constitution, for not only are they in favor of that document, but they are opposed to amending it, though it contains provisions for its own change. They have also regressed to the pre-Civil War Democratic assertion of states' rights. Like the slaveholding aristocrats of the South, who wrapped themselves in the Constitution, in Supreme Court decisions and in state separatism when their privilege was threatened by a more democratic central government, the capital-owning aristocrats today are using the very same maneuvers to fend off democratic threats against their exclusive power. It was fitting that the keynote address at such a gathering should be made by one of the oldest living leaders of the party. How ironic that the party of Lincoln, meeting at his burial place, should dedicate itself to the same kind of cause that was served by Lincoln's mortal enemies, and should arm itself with the self-same weapons!

THE news that delegates to the American Newspaper Guild's national convention in Cleveland voted 76½ to 47½ for a report that favored affiliation with the American Federation of Labor is both welcome and heartening. The New Re-

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public has frequently remarked that the Guild, because it is the largest and most successful union of professional workers, is of the utmost importance to the future of the white-collar workers' movement in America. The convention also agreed to leave the final decision on the question of A.F. of L. affiliation to its membership, and a referendum accordingly will be held. We can only hope that the members of the Guild throughout the country will vote for affiliation. It is not only logical but necessary. Newspapermen may be gentlemen of the press, but they are also workers.

IN DECLARING illegal the dismissal of Commissioner Humphries, the Supreme Court reveals once more the danger of relying upon its prior decisions. As recently as 1926, in the Myers case, in which a postmaster who had been removed from office by President Coolidge challenged the authority of the President to do this, the Court laid down the broad principle that the Chief Executive may remove any official whom he appoints, on the theory that the power of removal inheres in the appointing power. That this ruling applied to members of the Federal Trade Commission was clearly recognized. Mr. Justice McReynolds in his dissenting opinion included the Commission among the agencies affected by the majority's stand. He bitterly characterized as a "smoke screen" the cautious suggestion of Chief Justice Taft that the judges of territorial and other non-constitutional courts may possibly enjoy a more permanent tenure than other presidential appointees. Yet it is this smoke-screen that is now employed to graft an exception upon the Myers ruling in favor of executive appointees who exercise quasi-judicial powers.

WITH a candor that we have been taught not to expect from it, the Court expressly disapproves and qualifies the generality of expression found in the Myers opinion. The power of removal is no longer the automatic corollary of the power of appointment. Recognizing that its new ruling creates a "field of doubt," the Court nevertheless postpones the definition of the respective boundaries of these two inconsistent principles to future decisions. The President, in exercising his removal power, must, except in the clearest case, act at his peril. It is impossible to predict what further exceptions may be formulated if the President's action again displeases the Court. The Court stresses the judicial nature of the Commission's duties as the justification for its ruling. But the Commission is not merely a court; it also formulates economic policy. Independence may be highly desirable for some of its functions, but many of its duties must be coordinated with the general program of the administration, if confusion is to be avoided.

IT IS impossible to achieve anything even faintly resembling a rational system of industrial control while the conflicts of policy between such agencies as the ill fated N.R.A. and the Federal Trade Commission endure. While unrestricted power of removal inevitably leads to the "spoils system," complete independence permits subordinate agencies of government to obstruct the program of a new President. The Supreme Court decision emphasizes this dilemma. It furnishes no clue as to how the functions of government may be realized to permit the coördination and preserve the independence that are both essential. The Humphries decision may hasten the separation of the judicial from the executive and legislative activities of the Trade Commission and the amalgamation of the various agencies charged with the administrative regulation of industry.

TUCKED away in the War Department appropriation bill for 1936 is an item that received scant notice in congressional debate—an increase of $1,000,000 for the express purpose of setting up new units of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps in schools and colleges. The departmental budget, which carries the unprecedented peacetime total of $401,998,179 and has been duly enacted into law, does not give the precise location of the new units. The presumption is, however, that the great majority of them will be set up in public high schools, and it is estimated that the appropriation will provide for 113 new units. On the basis of existing practice, probably two-thirds of them will operate on a compulsory rather than an elective basis. Already there are 148,000 students enrolled in school and college military units, and the contemplated additions will bring from 30,000 to 60,000 more youths under the direct tutelage of departments financed and administered by the War Department. Army officers always stress the "educational" value of military training, but aside from its deep-lying fascist implications, the real education in R.O.T.C. training consists of implanting in the minds of youths—and through them the adjacent population—a tragic receptivity to the idea of war. The National Committee on Militarism in Education suggests the most effective way to block the expansion is for local groups to organize and fight it in each high school and college that it threatens to involve.

INTRODUCTION of a bill in Congress to reëstablish asylum in this country for political, racial and religious refugees serves sharply to remind us of a heritage that America has lost. The mere fact that such a bill should be necessary seems strange in a country in whose founding and colonization dissenters of every kind played so large a part; but stranger still is the fact that the bill has slight chance to get through Congress or to be welcomed by the country if it did. The measure, introduced by Vito Marcantonio, alert young successor to the congressional seat of Mayor LaGuardia of New York, provides for the waiving of quota restrictions in the case of bona-fide refugees, and authorizes United States consuls abroad to grant special visas.

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The refugees thus admitted would be required to register with the Department of Labor and report at stated intervals for a period of five years, after which, if conditions still made it dangerous for them to return to the country of origin, they would be permitted to remain here permanently. Genuinely undesirable aliens, mental and physical defectives, vagrants, prostitutes and criminals would be barred, but no shade of political or religious conviction would keep any person out. The American Civil Liberties Union and many other organizations are advocating the measure, and will surely have the support of all who like to look back to America's traditional position as a place of refuge for the oppressed of the earth.

TO SOME he was once the most hated man in England. He was stoned and hissed and called a traitor to his country. Others, however, loved and defended him. They saw in him a champion of peace and of the workers. On a wave of reaction, born of the War's disillusionment, he came to power. There was great rejoicing and much was expected of him. Promising much, he accomplished little. Compromise followed compromise until, for reasons best known to himself, he abandoned his party and his cause. Those who once hated him now admired him and those who had followed him shouted down the sound of his name. Today he is an old man, with not much longer to live. He has been shelved, placed in a high-sounding post of little power or meaning, and it is expected that he will be made a peer. It reads like the outline of a novel but it is true. His name is Ramsey MacDonald.

ONE of the editors of this paper who Gets Around a Good Deal reports his impression that since the repeal of prohibition there has been a sharp increase in public drunkenness. He now sees intoxicated people in railroad dining-cars, helpless drunks lying in the gutter, loquacious female souses in restaurants, far more frequently than before. His impression is borne out to some extent by statistics of automobile accidents; there is an increase in the number of such accidents in which alcohol is a factor, and a sharp increase in those with fatal results. This might result from an actual growth of drinking, or might be caused by the different circumstances under which people nowadays imbibe. During prohibition many individuals drank at home, and stayed there until the effects wore off. If they frequented speakeasies, they were perhaps more cautious than today, since even in parts of the country where the prohibition law was most openly flouted, neither patron nor proprietor wanted to advertise the place by strewing the sidewalk with the bodies of too enthusiastic tipplers. What is the observation of our readers on this question of whether drunkenness is more of a public nuisance than it was before repeal? We should be glad to hear any concrete evidence they may have.

WHILE everyone knows that the German press is censored, little has been published regarding the workings of the censorship in detail. Though there is much suppression or alteration of news at its source, the press is also given frequent instructions by the government regarding the general line it is to take. The Manchester Guardian recently obtained copies of the current instructions by the Ministry of Propaganda and published excerpts from them, which are reprinted below. They are of interest not only because they show how the propaganda machine works, but because of the light they throw on present conditions. The bracketed notes are those supplied by The Manchester Guardian.

Nothing may be published about the mutinies in the Italian army.

The messages of the German News Agency about the debates in the English Parliament on air forces may be published to the exclusion of all other news. *It is, above all, forbidden to reproduce the indications given abroad of numbers* of the presumed strength of *the German air army* [italics in the original]. An exaggerated importance should not be attached to the London debates.

Commentaries on the devaluation of the Danzig guilder should follow the line of the declarations made in the Senate of the Free City. In view of the special status which the treaties confer on Poland every statement of the demand for their revision should be absolutely avoided.

[Note.—The real reason for the devaluation of the Danzig guilder was, apparently, that after the failure of the Nazis to achieve a complete victory in the April elections and in view of Germany's own financial distress the subsidies paid until then to the Free City by the German government were stopped.]

About the Eastern Pact, it is desirable that the following line should be followed: In Germany the Eastern Pact is considered undesirable as a system (but this should not be written). Before negotiations on the Eastern Pact are decided upon in Germany it is necessary to be accurately informed as to the Franco-Russian Treaty and, in particular, its military clauses. In her position as a rampart against Bolshevism, Germany has every reason to look upon the Franco-Russian Treaty as disadvantageous to herself.

Nothing may be published about a journey which General Göring plans to take in Jugoslavia during his holiday.

It is necessary to go on paying attention to the debate in the House of Commons and to follow the same line as heretofore, with the addition that the rumors about a danger of war are being qualified as ridiculous and that opinion is being artificially stirred up to persuade the House of Commons to agree to new expenditure on armaments or, in other words, to sanction an increase of credits which the German demand for equality of rights seems to render justifiable.

Of the movements of the Führer only the reports of the official news agency may be published.

Nothing may be published on the subject of the conflicts that occur at meetings of a religious character, such as those that occurred recently during demonstrations organized by the "German Faith Movement."

[Note.—There was a big meeting of the German Faith Movement (Neo-Pagans) in Berlin recently,

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when two of the Christian opposition heckled and were badly beaten: the incident was described throughout the British press, but was not reported in the German press.]

Any allusion to the identity of the aims pursued by the "League of Sudetic Germans" [the German Nazis in Czechoslovakia] and by the German National Socialist Party must be avoided. Such allusions might make the electoral struggle of the Germans in Czechoslovakia more difficult.

For the time being nothing may be published about the visit of Polish officers to Berlin.

An agreement has just been signed between Germany and Rumania concerning an exchange of commodities (machines against petroleum). No news on this subject may be published, for to do so would reveal Germany's poverty in natural petroleum.

Avoid every statement directed against Mussolini on the question of the Southern Tyrol.

The progress made by the French Communists in the communal elections should be specially emphasized. This Bolshevik advance should be represented as an important result of the Franco-Russian agreement.

The German-Finnish negotiations will begin on Monday. Great importance should be attached to them.

Ghosts of the N.R.A.

THE DESPERATE attempts to salvage the wreckage of the N.R.A. promise something both of good and of ill. Small as the possible effects are in either direction, it is worth knowing what they amount to. Let us see what the administration intends.

Information. It is proposed to keep alive an informational staff to check up on what industry does about wages, hours, prices and the like, now that the codes are dead. One frequently mentioned purpose of this activity is to prove to the nation that a new and revitalized N.R.A. is necessary, by showing how badly industry behaves without it. If the responsible officials of the N.R.A. try to prove this in the same way in which men like General Johnson and Donald Richberg tried to prove that the old N.R.A. was beneficial, the result will be worthless. They garbled statistics; they attributed to the N.R.A. results that might have been due to other factors; they were totally unable to show how much worse, or better, conditions might have been if the N.R.A. had never existed. They never analyzed the effects of conflicting policies. It was, for instance, highly probable that the raising or maintenance of industrial prices restricted the volume of production and hence of employment. Nevertheless the defenders of the N.R.A. credited it both with raising prices and with enlarging employment. If, now, industrial production continues to drop —as it has been dropping ever since February— there is no way of proving that it might not have dropped as much or more if the codes had continued. If production rises, there is no way of proving that the codes would have raised it more.

What the statistics prove is almost entirely dependent upon the use made of the statistics. But information as a guide to action can be valuable. We have in this country carloads of statistics that are next to worthless because they were not gathered for specific action-objectives; we have all too few bearing on social purposes. If, as is predicted, the government uses the information to protect minimum labor standards as far as it can, something will be accomplished. Indeed, in one respect, more will be accomplished than under the old N.R.A., for the administration has, in its own capacity as purchaser and employer, overlooked a lot of substandard conditions. The President himself has encouraged wage-cutting by the wage policy in the new relief program, while as far as genuine collective bargaining is concerned, scarcely any attempt has been made to enforce it through the purchasing power. A recent example was that of the Colt strike. The government, a purchaser of arms, still continues to order from a company that declined to recognize or deal with the union of its employees. A rigorously executed policy of not buying from or contracting with any concern that violates minimum standards or collective bargaining would do something, especially in a period of heavy public expenditures.

Voluntary Agreements. The House resolution permits industries to make voluntary agreements among themselves and with the President about hours, wages, working conditions and "fair trade practices." The parties to these agreements would be, as under the old law, exempt from the anti-trust statutes. The differences between these agreements and the codes would be that (a) the President would have no authority to alter or cancel them, (b) a minority of the industry could not be compelled to accept their terms, and (c) they could not be enforced by governmental police power. Violators would be immune from prosecution.

This measure, it appears to us, preserves some of the worst features of the code system while omitting some of the best—at least those that might be the best with adequate administration. Under it, industries could agree in many devious fashions to practices that would increase prices and restrict production. In doing so they would not be obliged, as with the N.R.A., to run the gauntlet of criticism by advisory boards for consumers or labor or to satisfy experts acting in behalf of the President. There would be no coördinating or policy bodies representing the public. Nor could an agreement that worked badly for anyone but the employing interests be modified or canceled by executive order. Shadowy as were the protections for workers and consumers under the codes, slight as was the element of social planning, at least they represented what possibility there was of making something out of the N.R.A. that had value. Now we are likely to have the pill without even the sugar-coating. In

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the miraculous case that members of an industry should unanimously desire to maintain high wages, short hours, low prices and large production, such an agreement could be of social benefit, but hardly otherwise.

It may be argued, however, since agreements cannot now be imposed upon dissenting minorities by force of law, and violators cannot be legally punished, that the natural forces of competition can be relied upon to prevent anti-social price-fixing or restriction of output. But if this is true, why should there be agreements at all? And we fear that the real situation is not quite so simple. In naturally competitive industries, having small units and a tendency to overequipment, agreements will not be effective. They will be least effective where they might have the most value—in maintaining labor standards. Thus, to the disadvantaged industries in which the normal tendency is for the employer to lower prices by sweating labor (like bituminous coal mining and garment manufacture) the new agreements will be of no use. But in industries in which prices and production are already dominated by the employers, and market forces have little sway, the existing control will not be weakened.

Industries like steel, cement or even automobiles will hardly use their power to maintain high wages, but they certainly will not allow any collapse in the prices of their products if they can prevent it by restriction of output—and they have been remarkably successful in holding up prices by cutting production in the past even before the N.R.A. Professor Gardiner C. Means points out in his study for the Department of Agriculture, "Industrial Prices and Their Relative Inflexibility," that a large proportion of industrial prices are inflexible relative to the prices that are made in genuinely free markets, such as those for agricultural commodities. He also shows that the more inflexible the price, the greater the drop in output during the depression. (For instance, between 1929 and the spring of 1933, agricultural commodities dropped in price 63 percent and in output 6 percent, while agricultural implements dropped in price 6 percent and in output 80 percent.) "The whole depression," he writes, "might be described as a general dropping of prices at the flexible end of the price scale, and a dropping of production at the rigid end, with intermediate effects between." Thus, distortions in the price and wage structure will not be diminished, and may be increased, under the new agreements.

Much the same result would occur even if Congress amends the bill so as to eliminate exemption from the anti-trust laws. In the study above cited, Mr. Means makes the pertinent observation that many of the inflexible industrial prices are not the result of monopoly—that is, of monopoly as forbidden by the anti-trust laws. Mr. Means calls them "administered prices," as distinguished from the more flexible market prices. The manufacturer does control them, but not necessarily by illegal agreement. "We have an administered price when a company maintains a posted price at which it will make sales. . . . Thus, when the General Motors management sets its wholesale price for a particular model and holds that price for six months or a year the price is an administered price. . . . For administered prices the price is rigid, at least for a period of time, and sales (and usually production) fluctuate with demand at the administered price." To deal with this large and important class of prices, simple enforcement of anti-trust laws is irrelevant. The choice is not between competition and monopoly, but between control of the price by the manufacturer, and control of it in the interest of the whole community. The latter course might conceivably have been undertaken under the old N.R.A.; now it is impossible.

Substitute Measures. We also have other bills to salvage or improve upon certain pieces of the N.R.A. policy, such as the Wagner labor-disputes bill and the Guffey coal bill. The first represents certainly a more specific and more consistent attempt to compel employers to engage in real collective bargaining than the contentious Section 7a. It was necessitated, however, not by the Supreme Court decision, but by the maladministration of 7a itself. How much good it will do and whether it will withstand court review lies in the lap of the future, but in any case it serves to emphasize the basic proposition that labor's only real protection is in its own organized strength. The Guffey bill is merely an effort to strengthen the now defunct Bituminous Coal Code, which never was a solution of the ills of the industry. The bill itself may easily be unconstitutional, if it is passed.

The Supreme Court and Farm Relief

THE Supreme Court's decision outlawing the Frazier-Lemke Act was a routine performance compared with its bull excommunicating the N.R.A. While the result reached by a unanimous Court need occasion no surprise, the case is nevertheless noteworthy in several respects. It rounds out a series of depression decisions, beginning with the celebrated Minnesota Mortgage Moratorium Case, which demonstrate pretty clearly how far the present Court is willing to go in permitting legislatures, state and federal, to come to the relief of hard-pressed debtors.

As will be demonstrated below, the logic of the Court is unobjectionable, if one accepts as a premise the desirability of a court of legislative review that can veto acts of Congress without substituting anything better in their place. This will be cold comfort to the farmers who are now up in arms because they are again thrown upon the mercy of creditors. Moreover, the decision does not reckon with broad economic tendencies like a declining price of crops,

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which does unjustice to the debtor, irrespective of contractual rights. But if the farmer-debtors are justly aggrieved, their complaint lies not against the reasoning of the decision, but against the very structure of the government and the type of economy that it protects.

The Minnesota case established the validity of state laws postponing remedies upon a mortgage for a reasonable period and upon reasonable terms. Two subsequent cases, however, showed that the Court was in earnest when it said that it would scrutinize the reasonableness of both period and terms and that it would not tolerate legislation that seemed to it unnecessarily extreme in either respect. Early in the present term, the Court went out of its way to approve "in principle" the constitutionality of the new federal railroad reorganization act and, by implication, of the corporate reorganization act. Now the Court invalidates the Frazier-Lemke Act, not on the ground, made difficult by the reorganization decision, that it does not fall within the scope of the bankruptcy power, but on grounds of due process, like the tests applied to state laws. The Court holds the Act is an unreasonable exercise of that power.

The reason the farm-mortgage act seemed to the Court unreasonable was that it not only postponed the creditor's remedies for an absolute period of five years, regardless of changed circumstances, but that it permitted scaling down of the principal indebtedness by a process of appraisal remarkably advantageous to the debtor. In both respects it was far more drastic than the Minnesota law. It differed from the ordinary bankruptcy acts both in requiring the creditor to relinquish claims while permitting the debtor to retain his property and in affecting, not the claims of an ordinary unsecured creditor but those of a secured creditor in specific land. One thinks, of course, of what happens to mortgage bondholders in a corporate reorganization; they have claims in specific property and they have often to submit to a scaling down while the corporation is left in possession of valuable assets. But, as the opinion points out, this happens only if a majority of investors of the same class consent to it; a line has to be drawn somewhere and the Court draws it here.

The most convincing justification of the decision, however, does not lie in these technical differentiations. It is found in the fact that Congress deliberately decided not to apply the act to future mortgages (as probably would have been constitutional) on the avowed ground that to do so would destroy the farmer's credit. A statute taking so little account of the creditor's interests as to be concededly unworkable except as applied to closed transactions is presumptively on the wrong side of any canon of reasonableness. Meanwhile, Congress remains free to devise better considered forms of relief.

If capitalism is to be preserved in this credit economy of ours and if the primary responsibility for preserving it belongs to the Court rather than to Congress and the country, all this is fair enough. In the most interesting part of the opinion, however, Mr. Justice Brandeis discloses his awareness that the problem cuts deeper than that. It was argued in support of the act that "to permit widespread foreclosure of farm mortgages would result in transferring ownership, in large measure, to great corporations; would transform farmer-owners into tenants or farm laborers, and would tend to create a peasant class." The opinion is at pains to point out that the act is not limited to mortgages of farms operated by owners, and that the rise of farm tenancy is attributable, in the main, to other causes than mortgage foreclosures. At the same time there is no hint that, were it otherwise, this act could be sustained. Mr. Justice Brandeis' closing sentence makes evident that he is suggesting a legislative approach wholly different from that of the Frazier-Lemke Act: "If the public interest requires, and permits, the taking of property of individual mortgagees in order to relieve the necessities of individual mortgagors, resort must be had to proceedings by eminent domain; so that, through taxation, the burden of the relief afforded in the public interest may be borne by the public."

Here is a clear invitation to Congress to come to grips in fundamental fashion with the problem of farm tenancy. While condemning a sporadic tinkering with the scheme of private rights in a capitalistic society, the opinion points the possibility of a sweeping revision of that scheme. Were the proposal directed to the states, it would of course be frivolous, but the taxing resources of the federal government are adequate to its execution. The doubt remains: would a Court which on the same day found the powers of the national government inadequate to sustain the recovery program of the N.R.A. give its approval—when actually faced with the question—to such a project? The cautious "if" clause avoids committing even the author of the opinion upon this issue. One wonders, granting his endorsement, how many of his brethren he could carry with him.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Front-Fighters in Congress

A BILL to establish government ownership of the basic industries, banking and transportation would obtain between thirty and forty votes in the present House of Representatives. The men who would cast these votes, disbelievers in the existing economic order, form the true opposition to Roosevelt. Most of them feel they are men of destiny; they believe that, within the reasonably near future, they will be the majority, and form the government.

During the present session they have acquired the group name of mavericks, a name given them by Washington correspondents because Maury Maverick of Texas summoned their first meeting, last February, and, with Gerald J. Boileau of Wissonsin, drafted their manifesto. The temptation to give them a name meaning unbranded cattle was irresistible. However, some of the older members of the group, who were fighting for a changed social order when Maverick was a schoolboy, are not altogether pleased by it.

If the group possesses a leader, it is the ghost of Mayor LaGuardia of New York. The mavericks descend directly from the little band of congressional condottieri that LaGuardia led through the long, fat Coolidge years. At present LaGuardia would probably be the group's choice for third-party candidate for President, chiefly because he lives in New York and therefore is supposed to have the support of the labor unions of the East to a greater degree than, for example, Olson of Minnesota or Philip La Follette of Wisconsin. However, it is a question how much longer LaGuardia can continue to be Roosevelt's errand boy —as he apparently feels he must be in order to get funds for New York's unemployed—and still retain the group's confidence.

Among the members of the House group, the foremost figure probably is Ernest Lundeen of Minnesota. He was first elected to Congress in 1916. Follower of the elder La Follette and Representative Lindbergh, the aviator's father, he voted against America's entry into the World War. He was viciously assailed by the patriots of those days, threatened with violence and defeated for reelection in 1918. An experience of that sort either destroys a man or hardens his character to iron. Nothing now frightens Lundeen or can sway him.

Early in the session, Lundeen introduced the so-called workers' unemployment-insurance bill, endorsed by many Left groups. In effect, it would have guaranteed a minimum standard of living to industrial and agricultural workers, regardless of booms and depressions. No bill with such deeply cutting implications was ever before seriously considered by Congress. The contrast between the Lundeen bill and Roosevelt's faint-hearted unemployment-insurance measure, the Wagner-Lewis-Daughton bill, drove the House leadership into silence. No Roosevelt supporter dared attack the essentials of the Lundeen bill; on behalf of the administration measure Daughton could only say that it represented a first step, and could be strengthened later. The Lundeen bill received fifty-two votes. This is the highest vote against the traditional capitalist order yet polled.

Lundeen is a product of the Minnesota Farmer-Labor movement, which itself is the child of the Scandinavian labor and coöperative movements. The Scandinavian tradition helps to explain the placid conviction with which Farmer-Laborites attack the present order. That capitalism is not perfect is no new idea to them. It is something they learned from their parents and grandparents.

Maury Maverick is the inheritor of an equally strong tradition. Members of the Maverick family have had liberal sympathies, but for many generations the family, as such, has been part of the dominant, owning class. General Sam Maverick, the man who wouldn't bother to brand his calves, possessed a fabulous domain in Texas. The family to which Maverick's mother belongs, the Maury's of Virginia, were likewise great landowners and even more lordly than the Mavericks.

Maverick himself is one of the genuine heroes of the War, in which he was horribly wounded. He spent months in a military hospital and escaped death by an eyelash. His wounds have left him with a permanent stiffness of his upper body. He is a lawyer, and was president of the San Antonio Bar Association at twenty-three. He engaged in the lumber business, and made money at it. In 1929 he was one of a group that overthrew the San Antonio political machine and cleaned up the town.

He is the only Southerner, and only Democrat, in the House radical group, as well as the only one without a working-class or small-farmer background. A first-termer, without effort he has become one of the most conspicuous men in the House. His best job has been the exposure of the utility-company intrigues against the T.V.A. He announced that an agent of the Alabama Power Company was occupying the office of Representative May of Kentucky, chief opponent of the T.V.A., and left May spluttering with ludicrous rage. At a committee hearing, he abruptly checked an attack on the T.V.A. by identifying a suspected power lobbyist in the audience and demanding that he be thrown out. Maverick is sponsor of a drastic neutrality bill, designed to keep us, as far as laws can do it, from being dragged into another European

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war. He had a large share in the fight to prevent the administration's measure against war profiteering, drafted by B. M. Baruch and General Johnson, from being jammed through the House without amendments—a fight in which the radical group won a clear victory.

Three members of the House radical group are important for their relative youth. These are Vito Marcantonio of New York, only thirty-three, Thomas R. Amlie of Wisconsin, thirty-eight, and Paul John Kvale of Minnesota, thirty-nine. All have a full generation of active political life ahead of them, during which they will presumably have a part in far-reaching events. Marcantonio represents LaGuardia's old Upper East Side district in New York. He lacks LaGuardia's exuberance, but he also lacks LaGuardia's moody, erratic quality. He is better grounded in economics than most of his colleagues, and has a contemptuous wit that makes him extremely effective on the House floor. In the debate on the rule under which the administration's social-security bill was to be voted on, Marcantonio informed Daughton: "You say you are giving us a wide-open rule; you are giving us a wide-open bag, and you have got this measure in it."

When the Wagner labor-disputes bill was debated, he proposed that it be extended to include agricultural workers, and gave a merciless description of the terror under which Arkansas sharecroppers are living. The Arkansas delegation, backed by the Democratic majority, retaliated with insults and threats of bodily harm, but Marcantonio persisted. Single-handed, he forced a debate on the recent kidnaping of Robert Minor, Communist leader, at Gallup, New Mexico. Last month Marcantonio and Lundeen, in a joint interview in New York, proposed the immediate formation of a national third party.

Amlie is a slow-moving, kindly giant, with something of the manner that Lincoln supposedly had in his earlier years. However, Amlie is better educated, and much more sophisticated, than Lincoln. He is more radical than the La Follettes, and probably represents the Wisconsin idea in its present-day form more accurately than they do. He is one of the directing spirits of the Farmer-Labor Political Federation, an organization of increasing influence intended to weld together the farmers of the Northwest and the organized workers of the East. Like Marcantonio, Amlie expects the formation of a new party. Kvale has inherited the seat of his father, O. J. Kvale, one of the Farmer-Labor champions. While both Amlie and Marcantonio are taking a largely independent line, Kvale is a loyal supporter of Governor Olson, with whose fortunes, for the immediate future, his own are linked.

Of the remaining members of the House group, George J. Schneider of Wisconsin stands out for the same quality of moral courage possessed by Lundeen. Boileau of Wisconsin is an able lawyer whose experience in practical affairs makes him extremely useful. The most entertaining figure, perhaps, is Usher L. Burdick of North Dakota, raised among the Sioux Indians, a friend of Sitting Bull and one of Minnesota University's great right-ends. Burdick's North Dakota colleague, William Lemke, once a strict believer in Non-Partisan League tenets, has now strayed, or appears to be straying, into the sheepfold of Father Coughlin.

The radicals' voting strength is too slender for them to hope to carry a program through into legislation. Their function is to serve as a ginger group. During the present session, this has been of great importance. Unquestionably the threat of the Lundeen bill helped to force action not only upon the administration's social-security bill, but upon all labor measures. The stringent House rules of procedure have hampered the radicals surprisingly little. They are always on the House floor, always ready to speak, and some of them, like Marcantonio, have a gift for making their case in a few scarifying sentences. The level of debate in the House this session has been extraordinarily high.

The most important thing about the group, however, is the fact of its existence. The Lundeen bill, and the manifesto drafted by Maverick and Boileau, represent a clean break with the past policies of the Democratic and Republican Parties. The principles that they express demand for their fulfilment the rise of a wholly new political movement, of which the House has constituted itself the advance guard and upon which they have individually staked their fortunes. JONATHAN MITCHELL.

Twilight at the House of Morgan

When a pink haze subdued the granite walls
And the stout dowdy gentlemen had departed on the 5:10
For Bound Brook, Tuxedo, the North Shore,
And the white mufflers and derbies caught the 5:23
For Stamford, Patchogue and White Plains,
And the stenogs with the gold hair, the black hair, the red lips, said
—Goodnight, Jimmy, don't forget to mail my letters.
—Goodnight, Jimmy, see you in the morning.
And the one who worked for Mr. Masters said,
—Jimmy, a registered letter. Be a good kid. Drop it at City Hall.
—Sure. You can see I ain't got much to do.
—Mr. Masters said—
—Sure, sweetheart. Goodnight.
—Goodnight, Jimmy.

And when Jimmy had taken the leather pouch of the late mail
Down the elevator and up Broadway,
The kids were already at it,
Shrieking on roller skates, Trinity Church through Wall,
Hell on wheels past the House of Morgan,
Hell on wheels past the House of Morgan.

PHILIP CORNWALL.

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Witch-Hunters at Work

I: Wisconsin

RECENT events at the University of Wisconsin may well prove to be important in the history of American education. A Red scare, whipped up by the Hearst paper, The Wisconsin News, of Milwaukee, finally succeeded in getting enough support in the Wisconsin Senate to obtain passage of a Senate resolution authorizing a committee of that body to investigate "communism, atheism and other perversionisms" at the University. The Progressive-controlled Assembly refused to coöperate with the Senate in this investigation, but the Senate committee of five went ahead with the inquiry.

At first, the investigation seemed likely to amount to very little. The committee called in Professor E. A. Ross, the well known sociologist and author of various books on conditions in other countries, including Russia. Professor Ross is a courageous, intelligent man, and by appealing to the testimony of his own books, he succeeded in making the committee look rather foolish. Thus far, the University felt that this was to be simply another legislative investigation of the kind it has enjoyed from time to time and which has done no one any harm.

In the latter part of April, however, a very bad situation developed. One of the administrative officers of the University, the dean of the Extension Division, had been dropped by the Board of Regents of the University after an investigation that had lasted some months. The fifteen Regents represent all political parties, Republicans, Democrats and Progressives, and the different congressional districts of the state. Therefore, when they unanimously decided to discharge Dean Snell, the supposition is that they must have found sufficient material to warrant their taking such action. They had conducted their investigation in private, however, for otherwise they would have had difficulty in getting testimony from the persons who might be hired or fired by Dean Snell; and because they wished to spare Mr. Snell so far as possible and thereby not stand in the way of his getting another position.

The Senate investigating committee got wind of this situation, and summoned Dean Snell to appear before them. He asked for counsel and then appeared. The Senate Chamber was packed that night. The general impression among most of the audience was that Mr. Snell was out to get revenge. He accused a former Socialist regent of nepotism, and her daughter of immoral conduct with a member of the Extension faculty in Milwaukee. None of his charges was substantiated, so far as one could judge, by the slightest evidence, but he succeeded in putting his innuendos about the characters and private lives of these people—among the most universally respected persons in Milwaukee—on the front page of every newspaper in the state. The committee immediately succeeded in making the easy identification of communism and free love. None of the people accused is a Communist, and none of them, so far as anyone knows, believes in free love, but Mr. Snell's testimony made the identification of the two an easy matter.

Something like a reign of terror ensued. Members of the university faculty wondered who would be safe against this kind of underhanded attack. The administration of the University, the president and the Board of Regents, asked for permission to appear before the committee and give their testimony so that the facts of Mr. Snell's dismissal might be put before the public. But so far none of them has been called. (This article was written on May 18. On June 6, three members of the Board of Regents testified.—E. T.)

Things came to a head on the night of Wednesday, May 15. The local chapter of the League for Industrial Democracy, which numbers about eighteen members, had arranged through regular channels for a meeting to be held in the Law Building. Their speaker, Monroe Sweetland, was from the West Coast and his subject was "The Beginnings of American Fascism." The meeting was broken up by a group of athletes, men who have won their W's for their prowess in sport. These athletes, supported by their fraternity brothers, entered the room where Mr. Sweetland was speaking and began to heckle him. Mr. Sweetland, noticing that trouble was brewing, asked them if they would like to appoint one of their number as spokesman to present their point of view. One of them, Victor Pape, then made a speech which was full of attacks on the "Reds." After he finished, Mr. Sweetland tried to go on with his speech, but he was not permitted. The crowd of athletes seized Mr. Sweetland and, in spite of the remonstrances of two faculty members, forced him out of the building and across the campus to the lake. The audience followed, sympathizers trying in vain to rescue the speaker. By the lake, something that can only be called a riot broke out. Four persons, including Mr. Sweetland and a by-stander, a young medical-research student who remonstrated with the mob, were thrown into the lake.

The members of the National Student League, which had been holding a meeting in the Memorial Union, came out and went to the aid of the L.I.D. Several of the athletes announced that they were Silver Shirts. In a short time the police arrived

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and succeeded in escorting members of the N.S.L. and the L.I.D. from the terrace; but not before a number of fist fights had taken place. One girl student, sympathizer with the L.I.D. group, had attacked a burly man who was holding her and had succeeded, so it is reported, in breaking two of his teeth. Another girl was thrown over a railing.

Now the lake at Wisconsin is the scene of almost yearly student pranks, but this episode was entirely different. There was anger in the crowd, real anger. The shouts that they were Silver Shirts coming from the athletes gave a new and rather sinister aspect to the whole affair. And further, never before have women students been manhandled and threatened with immersion. All of this was bad enough, revealing as it did a spirit of intolerance and lawlessness, but race prejudice was also a very important feature of the outbreak. Some of the radical students are Jews, and all radicals are supposed by the fraternity and athletic sets to be Jews.

The members of the L.I.D. and the N.S.L. announced that they would have a protest meeting on the night following the riot. When a further attack was made on a girl student, however, and when the day revealed that the situation was really tense, it seemed obvious that any attempt to hold a meeting that night would be followed by even more serious outbreaks than that of the day before. At this point, the University local of the American Federation of Teachers persuaded the L.I.D. and N.S.L. groups to call off their protest meeting, provided the administration would hold an all-university convocation on the night of Friday, May 17, at which representatives from various student organizations, including the L.I.D. and N.S.L., would be allowed to speak. The administration agreed.

On Friday an all-university convocation was held. At this meeting, President Frank, William Spohn, a lawyer in Madison, the Reverend Francis Bloodgood, rector of the Episcopal Church, Mr. G. C. Sellery, dean of the College of Letters and Science, and Mr. Lloyd K. Garrison, dean of the Law School, spoke, as well as student representatives of six organizations including the L.I.D. and N.S.L. About 1,200 attended. The hall did not nearly accommodate the crowd, which filled the halls and fire-escapes outside. Most of the speakers dwelt upon the philosophy underlying free speech.

The dramatic moment of the evening occurred when Dean Sellery spoke his opening words. Mr. Sellery is a man in his early sixties, a fine-looking, vigorous person, master of parliamentary debate and a person noted for his forthright, honest dealings. He is thoroughly imbued with the traditions of the University and is generally counted among the conservatives of the place. His first words came like a shock of cold, fresh air in the overheated atmosphere of the situation:

"We HAVE belonged to a great university."

The audience gasped.

"I have been here at the University for a good many years, and frankly, the event of two nights ago was the most disgraceful thing ever perpetrated at the University."

From then to the end of his speech, there was no doubt about the feeling of the audience. They interrupted from time to time with thunderous applause, but they heard every word. Even the people outside the windows could hear what he had to say. It was hard-hitting and it went straight to the point. He excoriated the feeling of race prejudice shown, and concluded with the statement:

"The principle which lay behind this event will wreck the University unless we wreck the people who support that principle."

The response of the audience was overwhelming.

The activities of the administration, and of the Teachers' Union, which had behind it the force of organized labor and showed courage and determination in giving help to the administration; the speeches made by the various speakers at the convocation; and the fact that all shades of opinion were represented—all these things really served to assert the principles upon which a university is founded. It remains to be seen whether these episodes will have any effect upon the Senate investigation, but there can be no doubt that the faculty has gained more friends than it has lost.

ETHEL THORNBURY.

II: Chicago

THE second session of the Walgreen hearing is being held at the Hotel La Salle in Chicago: with amusing appositeness it is being held in the "red" room, a relic of the gold-plush era of smart hotels. The investigating committee from the state senate is seated behind a long table on a raised platform at the back of the room. The senators are plainly dressed men, one or two of them reminiscent of anthropological exhibits of *Homo neanderthalensis*.

The room is filled with the curious an hour before the investigation is to begin. Robert Maynard Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, walks in, sunburned and with his black hair cut close, and there is an ovation comparable proportionately to those given by holiday crowds to Babe Ruth. Professors Merriam, Gideonse and Schuman and several other members of the faculty come in and sit with him. To the committee's left is Mr. Walgreen, with his lawyers. As an unofficial adviser, Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, author of "The Red Network," sits beside Mr. Walgreen. Students of psychiatry watch her closely: this is the fanatic whose roster of American "Reds" includes almost every first-class mind in the teaching and writing professions, to say nothing of several Cabinet members and even Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. But even more closely watched than Mrs. Dilling is Mr. Walgreen, who is the object of the undisguised curiosity of most of the spectators.

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The University has Professor Frederick L. Schuman, who was denounced at the previous session, ready to testify. But Joseph Fleming, attorney for Mr. Walgreen, insists on being permitted to introduce more evidence. Mr. Fleming says that he and Mr. Walgreen are present merely in the capacity of witnesses, that they will offer their evidence and then depart; but he shows an eagerness for the proceedings that makes it doubtful if he will miss a moment of any part of the investigation. He hands more than twenty pieces of documentary evidence to the committee, mostly in the form of Communist posters and pamphlets bearing the names of Professors Schuman and Lovett. Once while Mr. Fleming is in the middle of an exposition by William Z. Foster, Professor Merriam interrupts to ask: "Shouldn't the room be cleared of all these students while you're reading that, Mr. Fleming?" The room rocks with laughter, as it had a few moments before when Mr. Fleming, in trying to introduce the students' daily newspaper as important evidence, had been compelled by the committee to read from the masthead of the paper that "the University of Chicago assumes no responsibility for any statements appearing in The Daily Maroon."

Shortly before the recess for lunch, Assistant Professor Schuman is called to testify. He is a bespectacled young man with a roundish Teutonic face; his mind is direct and quick. He reads a statement denying the charges against him, saying that his name was without his knowledge once misused on a pamphlet, and that it has been misused ever since on other sponsorships and on posters advertising him as a speaker at meetings he never heard of. He readily admits having attended a banquet to James W. Ford in the autumn of 1932—it was a non-partisan banquet and he went only to meet Ford, a Negro, who was Communist candidate for Vice President. Professor Schuman explains that he was at that time making a study of the Negro in politics. Professor Schuman states that he voted for Smith in 1928 and for Roosevelt in 1932. So Mr. Fleming's stack of documents is blown away in a wind of farce. Senator Baker asks sourly what Professor Schuman thinks of the Soviet government and Professor Schuman replies that this would take a long time to answer, for "a political scientist is not in the habit of describing a system of government as good or bad."

The court reconvenes after taking an hour off for lunch. Associate Professor Gideonse, who taught the course that is supposed to have indoctrinated Communism into Mr. Walgreen's niece, testifies. He is a tall, swift-speaking man with black hair graying in streaks at the temples. He proves to be stanchly conservative: his favorite present-day American political figures are Al Smith and Ogden L. Mills. Professor Gideonse points out that he has debated against Thomas, Nearing and Minor. Mr. Gideonse is willing to take all the blame for anything with which Miss Norton, Mr. Walgreen's niece, could have been "indoctrinated" at the University; he narrows the question to himself. It is the crux of the trial: Professor Gideonse invites Mr. Fleming to cross-examine him, and Mr. Fleming waives the right. Everything that comes later, even Miss Norton's own testimony, becomes anti-climactic.

Professor Lovett, who has not heard the charges made against him, has been sent for and offers to face the committee. He speaks in a serious, clipped New England voice, and when Senator Barbour asks him what his academic training was, he twinkles and says "Ha'v'd." Professor Lovett explains that when William Rainey Harper invited him to join the University of Chicago faculty in 1893, President Harper told him that, within the bounds of common decency, a member of that organization could be assured of complete freedom of thought, speech and personal activities. He states that he naturally does not inject political-science theories into his English classes. When Mr. Fleming asks what advice he would give his grandchildren if Germany were to declare war on the United States, Professor Lovett replies that he would give them no advice, as in the case of his son, who was killed at Belleau Wood. Mr. Fleming shows no mercy; he is remarkably gloating and vindictive for a "witness."

The room is hushed as Miss Norton is called in. She sits directly under the committee's table. She is a small girl in brown, and she reads her statement in a voice so faint that even the committee has difficulty in hearing it. She states timidly that before coming to the University she knew nothing of Communism, that it was subtly indoctrinated into her there, but that since her uncle withdrew her she has ceased to believe in its efficacy. From some of the few people in the room who can hear her are amused whispers: that such an indecisive and scatter-brained child can have caused so much ado! She proceeds to other matters: after a symposium she had heard Professor Schuman say: "I believe in religion for some people, and free love for myself." When her tiny voice says "It never occurred to me that Professor Schuman might be insincere," there are howls of laughter.

Professor Gideonse explains to the committee that he was present when Professor Schuman made the remark. It was after a symposium on the economic causes of war, and Professor Schuman made the reply in irony, to turn away an irrelevant and trivial question. Professor Gideonse implies that perhaps ironists should preface their remarks with statements of "I am now going to be funny," etc. "Uncle Charley" sits grimly taking in all the proceedings: he is a superb patriot who fought in Mr. Hearst's little

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war with Spain almost forty years ago. Mr. Walgreen has in a recent interview with a reporter from The Daily Maroon asked for fair play from that paper. He gives a list of his contributions to the University; the only valid one is the sponsoring of an expedition to Africa. With this he lists, "I sent two children to the University high school." and "My daughter was married in the Joseph Bond chapel," and "I have given a scholarship to the University." In the case of the scholarship, Mr. Walgreen reserved the right to select the recipient: the recipient was his niece, Lucille Norton.

The University introduces as a witness J. W. Clarke, assistant manager of a nationwide corporation. He is fifty-eight years old, and a war veteran. Before going to work every morning, Mr. Clarke takes Professor Gideonse's eight o'clock class, the course that is supposed to have indoctrinated Communism into Miss Norton. Mr. Clarke scoffs at the idea of any "subversive" teaching. He offers his class notebook as proof, and reads out of it some direct quotations from Professor Gideonse. Mr. Clarke's important testimony will not even be mentioned in the following morning's account of the hearing in The Chicago Herald and Examiner.

The name of Harry A. Jung is called, and up jumps Chicago's No. 1 spy-hunter, who has been sitting behind Mrs. Dilling and Mr. Walgreen. Mr. Jung is a man of great bulk, with a shining red face. He describes himself as the honorary chairman of the American Vigilant Intelligence Federation. Mr. Jung is well known as an anti-Semite; he has recently been agitating for the Dunckel Bill in Michigan and he is one of the men to whom "The Red Network" is dedicated. He immediately launches into a tirade against the University and various liberal organizations. On one list of "Reds" he reads off the names of ten University of Chicago professors, among them those of T. V. Smith of the Department of Philosophy and William E. Dodd of the Department of History. This is too much even for the committee, who know that T. V. Smith is a Democratic senator in their own senate and that William E. Dodd is the American Ambassador to Germany. Senator Barbour calls upon Mr. Jung to stop, and after a brief discussion the committee says it cannot understand who called upon Mr. Jung to testify or why he is qualified to do so. The committee calls an adjournment, leaving Mr. Jung sputtering.

The crowd files out slowly. It is nearly five o'clock. Mrs. Dilling lingers to express her "views." Eventually the "red" room is emptied, and the hotel-workers come in to sweep it. There is no question mark left behind: certainly even the most fanatic adherents of the Walgreen side must admit that the University has cleared itself.

HARRY THORNTON MOORE.

Letters in the South

THAT THERE is an aristocratic tradition in the South, and that it has been important in defining certain Southern attitudes, is a statement that I think needs no defense. If any definition be called for, as to what the tradition is, I would do no more than to submit a recent advertisement for a very popular Southern soft drink. It shows an old Confederate colonel standing on the verandah of a big house. There are columns behind him, the open door suggests the cool dim recesses of the hall, cotton fields stretch white and gleaming in the sun. The colonel's eyes are misty, a smile parts his lips, he stares back into the past. On the step below is his daughter. She is young, slender, presumably beautiful. Her hand is raised, her fingers hold a glass, she invites the colonel to pause and refresh himself.

A burlesque? Not at all. A vulgarization to be sure, a cheap commercial debasement, but also, in the selection of characters and detail, in the arrangement of light and color, the tradition in its most idealistic form—defined, as in this case it must be, in terms most likely to be understood by the greatest number of people.

Reading the Tenth Anniversary number of The Virginia Quarterly, which is given over entirely to writers from the South, it occurred to me that the whole contemporary movement in Southern literature might be examined in the light of this tradition. All the writers of this movement, in some way or other, are either affirming or denying the tradition; which, by acting as a kind of cultural motivation, draws even the most dissimilar Southern writers—Mr. Erskine Caldwell and Mr. Stark Young, for example—into a very definite frame of social reference.

In the preface to my biography of General P. G. T. Beauregard, I said that the Southern aristocratic tradition came to its period of greatest flowering during the years immediately following the Civil War. Subsequent investigation, extending over a period of several years, leaves me with an even greater conviction that this is true. I do not mean to imply, however, that the tradition was simply a Reconstruction protest. No one person, no one group of persons, was—or is—responsible for it. It is best likened to a plant, its growth quickened or retarded by the climate of the moment, watered and manured by many different writers; a plant of complex root and many graftings.

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Most important to the tradition is, of course, the plantation. When one thinks of the Old South (not historically, which requires a total consideration, but traditionally) a vision of the plantation comes immediately to mind. It may not be the tawdry vulgarization of a soft-drink advertisement, we may think of it with reverence and respect, but the essential image, the perfect coloring, remain the same. It cannot be otherwise. We are looking at our ideal past.

It is with the plantation, consequently, that the tradition first comes into literature. To fix any definite date for this ingress is difficult but, for the sake of convenience, it may be taken as 1832, the year that saw the publication of John Kennedy's "Swallow Barn." This book is important, not because Kennedy selected a plantation as the locale of his romance (which had been done as early as 1827 by Mrs. Sarah Hale in "Northwood") but because of his presentation of it. Here the plantation is used, for the first time, solely for its own glamorous qualities—the big house, the old furniture, the gardens, the pattern of society. He fixed, as Mr. Francis Pendleton Gaines has pointed out, the traditional attitude toward plantation material.

Out of the plantation legend, once it was established, came other legends—each complete in itself but each relating, also, to the whole. (I use the word legend in its literal meaning of a story composed of part fact and part fancy.) The romancers widened their scope to include the people and the customs of the plantation. Certain types, soon to become as stylized as the saints of Catholicism, began to appear; the generous, proud, hot-tempered master; the reckless, horse-racing, dueling, equally proud and hot-tempered son; the understanding, sacrificing wife; the young, beautiful daughter; the host of superstitious, carefree, devoted slaves.

I cannot discuss all the books important to the development of the aristocratic tradition (interested persons would do well to refer to Mr. Gaines's "The Southern Plantation"), but of them the novels of W. A. Carruthers, Mrs. Caroline H. Gilman's "Recollections of a Southern Matron" (1837), Paulding's "Westward Ho!" (1842) and Beverly Tucker's "The Partisan Leader" were probably of greatest significance. There are two other books written about this time that are worth mentioning; not for their contribution to the tradition but because the reception they received indicates what a firm hold the romantic attitude toward the South had already taken upon the popular mind. One of these books is Longstreet's "Georgia Scenes" (1840). The only book of the time that has any real literary interest for us today, it was dismissed, in much the same way that some of the writings of Mr. Erskine Caldwell are sometimes dismissed, as "brutally exaggerated bits of realism." The other is William Gilmore Simms's "The Cabin and the Wigwam" (1884). Simms, in this collection of stories, gives us glimpses of plantation life which, as we read them in the light of historical understanding, we feel to be true. It roused a minor storm of protest and its reception, it may be supposed, caused Simms to return to less controversial subjects.

Many of the earlier writers who contributed to the growth of the tradition had no first-hand knowledge of plantation life or even of the South. The person, incidentally, who first reached an enormous audience by using the various elements of the tradition was Harriet Beecher Stowe. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" can hardly be listed under the heading of Southern literature, but its influence in establishing the South as literary material cannot be overestimated. And when, to the above, we add the hundreds of Northern minstrel shows that, through the figure of the Negro, did so much to popularize one aspect of the tradition, and the various "Southern" songs that have come out of New York's tin-pan alley, we reach the perhaps not startling but certainly amusing summation that the aristocratic tradition—as it is generally conceived—is as much a product of the North as it is of the South.

During the Civil War, and for some time afterwards, the South had no time for letters. There was defeat and discouragement in the land—a ruined but defiant people making an effort to adjust themselves to a changed and changing world. "They made," as I have written elsewhere, "a really valiant effort to become oriented, but they could not. A social and economic system had gone to pieces and the former ruling class had no function, no real significance, in what had come to take its place. They had no present and, as far as they could see, no future. All that was left inviolate was the past. And so, like an army fiercely retreating, they went back into the past. Myths and legends began to spring up. The past became a beautiful, wonderful thing." It is this reverence for the past, this sublimation of what once was, that fills the pages of Thomas Nelson Page. It was Page and his generation, who invested the Old South with its most ideal coloring—the same coloring, though tempered with a greater understanding, that shades Mr. Stark Young's "So Red the Rose."

The first writer to question the validity of the tradition, and the growing assumption that the present was not unlike the past, was George Washington Cable. Mr. Edmund Wilson, writing in The New Republic of February 13, 1929, made the observation that Cable was essentially a sociologist. "He was not in the least a dealer in lavender and old lace, but a political and sociological novelist of the type of which the extreme example is a writer like Upton Sinclair." And Cable himself, writing of his novel "The Grandissimes," said:

> It was impossible that a novel written by me at that time should escape being a study of the fierce struggle going on around me—My friends and kindred looked on with disapproval and dismay, and said all they could to restrain me. "Why wantonly offend thou-

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> sands of your own people?" But I did not want to offend. I wrote as near to truth and justice as I knew how, upon questions that I saw must be settled by calm debate and cannot be settled by force or silence.

It is Cable, historically, who is the spiritual godfather of those modern writers who also question the tradition; who, using the term with permissible looseness, may be called the Southern realists—Mr. Faulkner, Mr. Caldwell, Mr. Wolfe, Mr. Stribling, Miss Grace Lumpkin, Miss Fielding Burke and, on the basis of their latest books, Mr. Berry Fleming and Mr. John Peale Bishop.

Closer to this group in time, and approximate in purpose, is Miss Ellen Glasgow. It was she who objected, thirty years ago, to what she has called the evasive idealism in Southern writing. Out of that objection came such books as "The Romantic Comedians," "Barren Ground" and "They Stooped to Folly"—and out of an extension of that same objection has come the writings of the Southern realists. If Cable is their godfather, Miss Glasgow is at least their godmother. I suspect, after hearing her recent address before The Friends of the Princeton Library, that she will be a little dubious of the honor of that distinction, but the responsibility is hers and cannot be denied.

Miss Glasgow's address, which is reprinted in The Saturday Review of Literature for May 4, may be taken, without any implication on my part that it was written or delivered for any such purpose, as an endorsement of those writers who are affirming the aristocratic tradition; who may be charged with the "evasive idealism" to which she once objected. This group is composed principally of the Agrarians who contributed to "I'll Take My Stand"—Mr. Allen Tate, Mr. John Crowe Ransom, Mr. Donald Davidson, Mr. Andrew Nelson Lytle, Mr. Robert Penn Warren, Mr. Stark Young —and such other writers, not strictly within the Agrarian movement, as Mr. Dubose Hayward, Miss Caroline Gordon and Mr. Roark Bradford.

"Turning," said Miss Glasgow, "to the inflamed rabble of impulses in the contemporary Southern novel, one asks immediately: What is left of the pattern? Has Southern life—or is it only Southern fiction—become one vast disordered sensibility? Is there no Southern horizon beyond Joyce? Where is that 'immoderate past' celebrated in Mr. Allen Tate's loyal 'Ode to the Confederate Dead?' Has the 'salt of their blood' oozed away in a flicker of iridescent scum on the marshes?"

What Miss Glasgow meant by "iridescent scum" I do not know. One may assume, however, considering her address as a whole, that she probably meant the writings of the realists. And it is these Southerners whose contributions, for the most part, fill the pages of the latest number of The Virginia Quarterly Review. The realists are represented only by Mr. Wolfe, who contributes a short poetic-descriptive essay on "Old Catawba" (by which he means North Carolina), and by Miss Grace Lumpkin's "A Miserable Offender," a short story about people at the other end of the social scale from the mill-hands in "To Make My Bread." Except for these, a short story by Miss Katherine Anne Porter and a poem by Miss Elizabeth Madox Roberts, the issue is practically given over to the Agrarians. (I do not mean to suggest that the editors of The Review practised any discrimination. I know definitely that they tried to include many of the realists, who did not respond to their invitation. So if the traditionalists have scored a coup d'état, and rather stolen the show, it is most likely the fault of the realists themselves.)

It is much easier to name the Agrarians than it is to tell what they stand for. Their position has never been clearly stated and, as a group, they seem to be joined only by their attitude toward the tradition and its relation to their work: the idea, as stated by Mr. Cleanth Brooks, Jr., that "the South has retained a stronger historical sense than the more restless, industrialized parts of the country, and a continuity of cultural tradition sufficiently strong to allow the Fugitives to identify their cultural adjustment with it."

The principal implication here, as in all the statements attempting to define the Agrarian esthetic, is that only the traditionalists have any real and vital connection with the past; that, if it were possible to see the culture of the South as a river, we would find them as fresh and gushing tributaries while the realists, who have questioned established authority, would be nothing but dank and smelling swamps breeding monsters and malaria. I would chart the river differently, and draw no illuminations, but the point to make at the moment is that the basic Agrarian idea is historically incorrect. The realists are also part of the system. They too are connected with the past. The tradition has been as importtant a motivation in their writings as in those of the traditionalists. Mr. Faulkner has effected a "cultural adjustment" with the past that is just as valid as the adjustment of Mr. Ransom or Mr. Tate—so has Mr. Caldwell and so, in a somewhat different way, has Mr. Wolfe. If Mr. Faulkner was not so intimately acquainted with the decay of the old South (which is the cultural continuity of the Golden Age, the War, Reconstruction and the economic-political rise of the Southern middle class) he would not have been able to write "Sanctuary" and "The Sound and the Fury." And if Mr. Caldwell had not grown up in a region where tenant farming (the agricultural continuity of the old plantation system) is practised at its worst, he would not have been able to write "Tobacco Road."

The Southern past bears the same relation to Southern culture as does the United States Constitution to national affairs. It can be a dead weight or a living instrument. And it is a living instrument when, instead of retreating into it as if into some half-lit acropolis away from all sight and sound of the outside world, we use it to understand the South today—which is, I believe, the most important part of our inheritance. HAMILTON BASSO.

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Washington Notes

Jockeying the N.R.A. Decision—The White House Woos But Business Ain't Willin'—The Supreme Court and Labor

IT APPEARS that the Schechter decision is not going to wreck the country, after all. Although not sanguine about the future, Mr. Roosevelt is no longer positive that we must return to five-cent cotton, thirty-six-cent wheat and horses and buggies. The facts are that Mr. Roosevelt tried to scare business, and that, after a brief period of panicky indecision, business decided not to be scared. The entire episode, I think, gives a good illustration of the workings of Mr. Roosevelt's mind. When the Schechter decision was announced, his first concern was for its political repercussions. A number of Chief Justice Hughes's phrases sounded remarkably like those of a political campaign speech, and Mr. Roosevelt could foresee their being used by opponents to discredit the whole New Deal. He was alarmed, and bitterly resentful.

After pondering over the decision, however, apparently he came to the conclusion that he could turn it to political advantage. He summoned the press, and, by inference, held up the Supreme Court as public enemies, numbers one to nine. He had attempted to bring a new deal to America, he implied, and the Supreme Court had cut him short. No way out of the impasse existed except through a constitutional amendment. Superficially, this was an adroit move for Mr. Roosevelt to make. He seemed to have created in the Supreme Court a universal scapegoat. If business activity, for example, failed to advance before the 1936 election, he could say to the country: "But for the Supreme Court, I would have brought back good times." To all groups coming to him with demands, business, labor, consumers, the unemployed, he could say: "Wait until I get my amendment."

The weakness of this maneuver was that it assumed a nonexistent enthusiasm on the part of business for the N.R.A. In general, business men have never liked the compulsory provisions of the N.R.A. codes, those providing for fines and jail sentences. Section 7a, for compulsory bargaining with labor, they have disliked violently. To a relatively few chronically disorganized industries, the women's apparel industry, for instance, the compulsory trade-practice provisions have been of advantage. But for the majority of business men, the sole merit of the N.R.A. has lain in the immunity it gave from prosecution under the anti-trust laws.

Immediately after Mr. Roosevelt's gloomy press interview, a swarm of corporation lawyers descended on Washington to tell him that he ought not take the Schechter case so tragically, that a constitutional amendment was not needed, and that other remedies could be devised. They then produced various schemes, nearly all of which turned out to be ways of partially repealing the Sherman and Clayton Acts. In a speech at Hyde Park, Roosevelt's home town, Ogden L. Mills, who regularly reflects what important industrialists are thinking, openly proposed the Clayton Act's modification. Gradually it was borne in upon Roosevelt that business was not grieved by the Schechter decision, nor hostile to the Supreme Court. After hesitating five days, he summoned an emergency meeting of congressional leaders at the White House, and approved the extension of the N.R.A., without compulsory provisions, until next April. According to those present at the meeting, nothing whatever was said about a constitutional amendment.

There was never justification for Mr. Roosevelt's hope that business would support him against the Supreme Court. Senator Clark's resolution, forbidding price-fixing and confining the jurisdiction of code authorities to industries directly in interstate commerce, cut the heart from the N.R.A., as it was created by General Johnson. Yet when Clark's resolution passed the Senate by a surprise vote more than a month ago, the only protest from business was one organized by a group of officials of the various Textile Code authorities. Except for this, not a sound came from business. Part of the explanation for Mr. Roosevelt's self-deception comes, I think, from the fact that he has few responsible business advisers whom he trusts, or who are frank with him. This is true, even though Mr. Roosevelt is now basing his whole policy upon "normal" business recovery, and is prepared to do almost anything to bring that recovery about. The few business men he trusts are those who aided in creating the N.R.A., and who, naturally enough, have told him that business regarded the N.R.A. as indispensable. But beyond that, I think the explanation lies in Mr. Roosevelt's rapidly growing tendency to identify his personal political interest with that of the country as a whole.

A number of constitutional lawyers here expect the Supreme Court, before long, to become a political issue through an adverse labor decision. These lawyers are not impressed by the uproar over the Schechter case, and do not think it proved that Congress lacks power over interstate commerce. What happened, they say, is that Richberg became upset by the criticisms that the N.R.A. encountered in Congress, and let himself be pushed into the Supreme Court with an extraordinarily weak case. But while through the years the Court has been sometimes strict, sometimes "liberal," in construing the power of Congress, they point out that it has almost never failed to favor the interests of property over those of workers. These constitutional lawyers argue that never before has labor had as important legal rights, and consequently never before has it been as dependent upon the Court's fairness. The Wagner labor-disputes bill, for example, seems certain to be passed at this session. Suppose a case involving the legality of company unions should arise, with the United States Steel Corporation on one side and the steel workers on the other. Which way, these lawyers ask, would the Court decide, judging by its vote in the recent railroad-retirement-act case?

However, an adverse decision by the Court would raise a fundamental political issue. For two years, organized labor has supported the President on his pledge to obtain for it certain rights by law. If the Court decides that these rights cannot be constitutionally obtained, will Mr. Roosevelt then advocate a new constitutional amendment? Such an amendment, guaranteeing rights to labor, would meet with the solid opposition of business, would revive

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the Republican Party and might imperil Mr. Roosevelt's reëlection. Yet unless he did this, there would be no reason for labor's continuing to support him. These questions, in the opinion of observers, must arise before many more months.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Housing Is Out—What the N.R.A. Really Meant—Federal Control Is Fine, But Beware the Corporate State

FAREWELL to housing. Let us record here a somber fact which got itself recorded in an obscure sentence in an otherwise unimportant story in The New York Times.

> A decision that work-relief projects for which the cost of materials is low will receive preference in the apportionment of the rest of the $4,000,000,000 fund . . . was made today by the Advisory Committee on Allotments which met with President Roosevet at the White House. . . . *Housing, public works and other projects on which material costs are relatively high will take a secondary place.* (Italics mine.—J. T. F.)

The bricks fly, as usual, at the heads of the Nine Old Men. And, of course, it is the liberals who throw them. All their wrath is focused upon a single phase of the N.R.A. It is, of course, a profound disappointment to liberal groups that the power of the central government over the economic life of the nation should be thus restricted by defining so many industrial operations as intrastate. We may be sure that the states will never find a means of regulating the processes of industry that spread themselves out across so many state frontiers. And liberals may well weep over this check to the onward march of central control.

But there is another aspect of the decision that I cannot help feeling our liberal friends are forgetting. They chose to overlook it in the early days of the N.R.A. when so many of them were blinded by the smoke and bluster of Johnson parades into supposing that the N.R.A. was a great liberal revolution. They still relegate this subject to a minor place in the whole episode. To my mind it is by far the most important element in the story.

The N.R.A., in its essence, was a plan to set up what has been miscalled "self-rule in business." This was accomplished under an act that empowered the President to summon trade associations and permit them to establish codes of fair trade practice. At the time, I insisted this was a delegation to the President of the power to legislate with reference to our economic affairs; that it was, indeed, something far worse. It was in fact a delegation of the power to groups of private employers. This it turned out to be. For instance, Mr. Richberg has confessed that the American Iron and Steel Institute was called to Washington and told to write its own ticket and that the same was done with all the trade groups. Of course, in the very nature of things this would be so. It was obviously not to be supposed that the President could legislate for this vast array of trades. The President, as he was authorized to do in the Act, redelegated his delegated power to the trade associations. They sat down around the tables in their board rooms and enacted codes of laws to govern their trades—which meant themselves, their competitors, their employers, their customers, etc. Of course, these codes were not laws until signed by the President. But this is also true of laws enacted by Congress. The one right these law-makers did not have was the power to pass the codes over the President's veto.

Labor and consumer committees were formed and endowed with the right to protest against anything in the proposed code. But this is no more than labor and consumers now have in connection with laws framed by Congress. In fact it is not nearly so large a right as they have. Congress, when enacting laws, refers them to committees and all citizens—labor and consumers and any other interest—have the opportunity to appear before such committees. When Congress enacts the law the consumer and labor may again appeal to the President not to sign it. In some states, as in New York, the Governor holds open hearings on bills before he signs or vetoes them. But codes were made in the first place by the trade associations in complete secrecy. It was not until this was done and the completed system of law was submitted that the consumer and labor were called in to present their case. Frequently the time allowed them was hopelessly too short and there were cases, as in the extension of the Automobile Code, when they were not heard at all.

Now we may well insist that the government must have the right to deal with the economic activities of the whole nation. But do we want this other thing? Do we want delegations of legislative powers made to private groups upon this pattern? This is what Justice Cardozo called "delegation run riot."

The objections to this were set out in the early stages of the experiment. Let us remember that the N.R.A. as we knew it was a beginning. It was carried forward at a time when business was discredited and the air was hot with clamor for its head. Yet it succeeded in putting over this delegation of powers to its trade groups. Now suppose the thing had succeeded. Suppose it had not been checked. The development of the next decade would have been in the direction of strengthening this delegation of power, enlarging it, perfecting the system of compliance and, of course, the rise of small groups within the various trades, which, when public attention was withdrawn from the system, would dominate those trades. It would have woven itself into our whole industrial system. Presently, these united trade groups would have been more powerful than Congress itself, which would not have dared limit the dangerous powers it had granted. Compliance would have been impossible without the extension of power of the trade unions. General Johnson had already demanded government action to organize trade unions. That would have been inevitable. When that point was reached we would have the corporate state in all its essentials and the end of the democratic process in government would have arrived in this country.

The decision has at least smashed this noxious thing. Let us not forget that. The extension of federal control over industry now becomes an objective that can be fought for without mixing it up with the other vicious principle.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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On the Labor Front

Will Business Maintain Wages?—The Promise and the Performance—Upholding Jury Trials for Injunction Violations

NOW THAT the N.R.A. is no more, what is happening to hours and wages? All I know is what I have read in the newspapers of the past week, and the evidence is very conflicting. Most of the reports, however, seem to fall into two classes and may be grouped according to the source of the information. From various N.R.A. and government officials comes the warning that an epidemic of wage cutting is threatening, if not already under way, while from the Chamber of Commerce and other trade-association executives comes the assurance that organized business is determined to prevent wage reductions.

It is not unlikely that propaganda has something to do with the contradiction in these statements. The N.R.A. officials (now without jobs) are doubtless eager to prove to the public that their services on behalf of labor were indispensable and, for that reason, may be tempted to paint a picture of chaos. Of course, it is undeniable that wages are being cut, but that was also true while the codes were in existence. The only difference is that such news today makes the headlines.

The reassuring statements coming from the business groups can be easily discounted. Business does not want to disturb confidence in recovery, as the financial writers put it, but everyone must know by now that the hope of voluntary coöperation among employers—especially to maintain wages—is largely a pious one. The results of the famous truce engineered by President Hoover shortly after the crash in 1929, in which business leaders assembled at the White House pledged themselves not to reduce wages, are proof enough of the futility of such procedure. If not, there is additional evidence in the newspapers today.

In the retail field, for example, the executives of the leading trade associations are urging their member stores to stand firm on the hours and wages of the retail code. But it is reported by Mr. Frank J. Cogan, head of the Food and Grocery Distributors' Code Authority, that 90 percent of the employees in the industry have already been taken off the forty-eight-hour week, effective under the N.R.A., and placed on a work week varying between sixty-five and seventy-two hours.

Similarly, the leaders in the cotton-textile industry, meeting in Washington, have appealed to all employers "to make sure that prevailing standards of hours and wages should be maintained." Yet there are reports from nearly every textile state of the breakdown of code standards. In New England, the textile industry is expected to go on a forty-eight-hour week. At the Atlantic Mills, in Macon, Georgia, workers have been put on a fifty-hour week instead of forty hours as previously—but with no change in pay. The Happ Brothers Company, also in Macon, has gone a step farther. It was discovered that a ten-percent wage increase granted its workers last January by order of the N.R.A. was "illegal." Accordingly, the employees have been informed that they must repay this increase in small weekly amounts until the entire amount is repaid. Similar tactics, it is reported, are being used by other firms in the South to recover "illegal" pay increases.

And while the spokesmen for the millinery, shoe, garment, hosiery and other industries urge maintenance of wages and hours, this is reported: the millinery manufacturers in Buffalo announce an increase in weekly hours from thirty-five to forty; employees of the Menzis shoe plant in Cookeville, Tennessee, strike against a wage cut and a ten-hour (instead of an eight-hour) shift; employees of the Ideal Hosiery Mill in Maryville, Tennessee, strike against a ten-percent wage reduction; employees of the Cohen-Fein Shirt Manufacturing strike against a work week increased from thirty-six to forty-five hours without any increase in pay. Though these are but a few illustrations, they are sufficient, I think, to show that labor, where it is unorganized and unable to fight for its rights, is threatened with lower wages and longer hours—despite the promises of industrial leaders to the contrary.

In the meantime, there appears the possibility that the coal and garment industries may soon have strikes of major proportions. The garment unions are building a strike fund of nearly a million dollars—to be used if the manufacturers try to break away from the working conditions set up under the codes. In the coal industry, where the operators have refused to sign a new wage agreement with the United Mine Workers, 400,000 members of the union are preparing to strike on June 16, when the present agreement expires. However, passage of the Guffey bill, with its price-fixing provisions, might induce the operators to meet the terms of the union and thus prevent a strike.

In contrast to the many defeats labor has suffered in the courts, the decision of Supreme Court Justice Maxey of Pennsylvania stands out. It is the first decision of a state supreme court upholding the right of trial by jury for alleged violations of injunctions in labor disputes. The case is an outgrowth of an injunction granted by Judge E. C. Newcomb restraining members of Anthracite Miners of Pennsylvania, an independent union, from conducting strike activities against the Penn Anthracite Mining Company. When the miners violated the injunction, Judge Newcombe cited them for contempt and denied them a jury trial as provided by Pennsylvania law. Justice Maxey ruled that this special protection to labor was not only constitutional but essential to prevent abuse of the judicial power. He said:

> No human being is ever benign enough to be entrusted with absolute power. Unless we have a jury trial in these contempt cases, *one individual* acts as lawyer, judge *and* jury. The judge issues the injunction, *i. e.,* "makes the law" for a given situation, then tries him who is accused of its disobedience. What security has a citizen against a judge armed with this unrestrained power to condemn and who perhaps has a prejudice against the man he thinks has been contemptuous toward his command? What respect is the public likely to have for a penalty imposed by a judge on a verdict of guilty rendered by himself as sole juror?

This is, of course, what labor has been saying for many years and it is good to hear it finally from the bench. Other courts please copy.

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

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"Maria Malibran" and "Mona"

THE WISELY truncated love affair between Maria Felicita Garcia Malibran, the operatic comet of the 1820's, and a poetic young man of Manhattan forms the subject of the new little American opera, recently presented with Frederick J. Kiesler's charming sets and costumes by pupils of the Juilliard School, New York City. The librettist is Robert A. Simon, the composer, Robert Russell Bennett; and the upshot of the production, in one mind anyway, was considerable impatience with the second of the two authors. For the piece is flat; and the fault is the composer's.

Certainly, Mr. Simon's libretto is no jewel. A good idea, it is unpretentiously but somewhat tenuously dramatized. It reaches us studded with amusing gags in the style of the captions in The New Yorker; but at the same time others of its features (for instance its inclusion, by way of daring satire, of a grotesque of a stout dowager) recall the more insipid aspects of the gay weekly. The book's serious weakness, however, is traceable to its want—in dialogue and lyrics at least—of the poetic note, even to the modest degree compatible with a lightly sentimental, sophisticated subject. But since the cause of the flatness of "Maria Malibran" is the incompleteness of most of its music; and since, in the past, complete musical forms again and again were projected through lines and figures thinner even than are those with which Mr. Simon provided Mr. Bennett, we are obliged to lay the burden of the blame upon the latter's want of urgency.

The score does reveal anew the minor virtuosity of the composer of the "Lincoln" symphony. The orchestration is expertly brilliant. The harmony is unhackneyed, very modern, and in places subtly managed. There are even evidences of an original dramatic feeling, most notably in the melody with gaping intervals played by a single woodwind after Maria has sent her Philip away the first time, before the first curtain. But in most cases, the germinal ideas fail to develop or expand, and the numbers hang fire, leaving the drama to its own devices. The possible exceptions to this rule are the two buffo-arias for baritone, and Maria and Philip's frostily delicate duet on a somewhat Coplandesque theme in Act I. But these do not make a summer, particularly since the baritone aria in the third act is very ordinarily popular. Nor can it be said that the demands of the opera taxed the composer's inventive powers; for the three acts are very short, and the librettist called for three interpolations: one of "Home, Sweet Home"—which Mr. Bennett has harmonized most piquantly—another of "Una voce poco fà" from the "Barbiere," and a third of the beginning of a vapid air from Zingarelli's "Romeo e Guilietta." The sum of what was required of the composer was three or four numbers in each act, and the running musical plinth which he has fairly ingeniously supplied to the spoken dialogue. All in all, "Maria Malibran" constitutes a decided decline from the plane of "Helen Retires," the Juilliard's novelty of last year. And that was by no means an exalted one.

The great American opera remains "Mona," by Horatio Parker. This statement is inspired not only by favorable memories of its performance at the Metropolitan in 1912, and by subsequent commerce with the piano score, but by the audition of three major excerpts from the work lately performed with voices by the New Haven Symphony under Professor Smith. This proved to persons who had never doubted its solidity and importance that the piece was even better, even more of a living issue, than they had believed it to be; and made the public utterance of a plea to the managers of the Metropolitan Opera that they revive it appear a duty unquestionably owed "Mona," Parker and American music and culture in general.

That "Mona" somewhat owes its eminence to the insignificance and unsturdiness of most of its successors—their lack of real weight and quality—no one can deny. It is by no means a perfectly satisfactory work. The interest of Brian Hooker's poetic libretto about the early Britons depends unhealthily upon the abstract truth—the disaster consequent upon woman's masculine protest—that it means to body forth. And Parker was no great dramatist; he was much more the pure musician who late in life turned to writing music-dramas. Thus, while he accepted the musico-dramatic form and even the system of leit motives, he never wrote in the extremely rhetorical, mimetic manner of the born musical dramatics; and his dramatic effects were few and stiff. He was a somewhat short-breathed melodist, too, and his ideas sometimes lack distinction. The beginning of the second act of "Mona" (specifically Nial's scene and dance with his shadow), for example, is musical commonplace in what verges upon waltz time. Besides, there are reflections of "Tristan" in the score: one particularly plain one unfortunately near the climax of the love duet.

Still, "Mona's" eminence derives as largely from its intrinsic virtues as from the shortcomings of its rivals. Anything but poor in musical beauties, it is a virile work, in the grand style, utterly bare of cheapness, awakening admiration for itself and the composer. An individual experience communicates itself sincerely, directly, forcibly here through means definitely mastered. Austere in temper and stiff in his opinions, Parker was none the less a natural musician with a decided urgency who had "learned his trade." He was an originally subtle harmonist if not a fluent melodist; and in "Mona" his harmonic sense proved itself invariably unpredictable and pungent. He was a masterly orchestrator: the instrumental fabric of "Mona" has a fine consistency without turgidness or cloudiness, and in several respects curiously anticipates ultramodern methods of orchestration: much as we might expect to come upon them in Stravinsky, for instance, we find in Parker's score cool passages for woodwinds alone and for brass alone.

There are many magnificent pages in "Mona," notably the heroine's grand arioso-style account of her dream in Act I; the wild battle chorus at the end of Act II; and the introduction to, and the scene of, the stabbing in Act III—bitten, like some page of Hardy's, with the tragic feeling of the northern peoples. If in "Peter Ibbetson" America has contributed an opera ranking with those of the Mascagnis and the Wolf-Ferraris, in "Mona" it contributed one actually able to stand beside "Pelléas" and "Elektra" and the great operas of the post-Wagnerian period. And this "music by a professor," with its purely musical beauties, its austerity, its severity of style, was farther in advance of its own time than they were.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

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A COMMUNICATION

Upton Sinclair to President Roosevelt

SIR: I think your readers may be interested in reading an open letter that I have just sent to President Roosevelt.

Pasadena, California. UPTON SINCLAIR.

[ENCLOSURE]

My dear President Roosevelt:

From various sources have come to me the suggestion that I should put before your administration a project of immediate action according to the EPIC Plan. It occurs to me to do so at this moment, when the Supreme Court has blocked the path you have been traveling. I put what I have to say in the briefest possible form, knowing that I am addressing the busiest man in America.

We have in California some half-million able-bodied men and women out of work. They have been that way now for five years. They want work and it must be provided for them.

We have in California a great public task known as the Central Valley Water and Power Project. The great San Joaquin Valley, including a good part of the interior of the state, is going dry and is being gradually abandoned. Each year the water-table is pumped lower, and the cost of pumping water increases, and the ranchers are forced to give up their land to the state or to the banks. Our engineers have worked out a project, two dams and an irrigation system, to divert the flood waters of the Sacramento River into the San Joaquin Valley and save these fertile lands from going back into desert. The estimated cost is $170,000,000, and the people have voted the bonds, but the state has no money, and the Republican administration of the state, owned and run by the power interests, will let the project sleep forever. . . .

Among our half-million unemployed workers is every kind of skill needed to produce comfort and plenty for the whole half-million and their families. We want to use that skill at its own kind of work. We are sick of the spectacle, so familiar during the last few years, of engineers digging ditches, and expert accountants hoeing weeds along our highways. We want to make the Central Valley Project the basis of a complete coöperative system that will make half a million men and their families self-sustaining.

It will have to be done entirely as a federal project. The state administration cannot be allowed to touch it. . . . We ask you to put in charge of this job a man who will fight for the public welfare, and order him to put it through without regard to the protests or the intrigues of the power trust, the cement trust, the bankers, the contractors, the land speculators and the rest of the special-interest crowd. We ask the government to purchase a cement mill, and let the unemployed make the cement for the dams and for their own homes. We ask the government to purchase a lumber mill and all the rest of the needed machinery. We want this to be, first and last, a project for the unemployed and by the unemployed, and we want the unemployed to reap the benefit. The rest of our people will get their benefit in the form of the stoppage of relief, the system of charity that is driving us all into bankruptcy.

We ask the government to buy the land that has been surrendered or sold for taxes; we ask it to exclude the speculators by condemning and taking all the land that will be made fertile by the new irrigation system; and to set up on this land model large-scale farm coöperatives, using modern machinery and modern science. For the cotton we grow we want spinning mills and clothing factories. For our cattle we want a packing plant, a tannery and a shoe factory. In short, we want a complete agricultural and industrial unit, enabling half a million workers to grow everything that can be grown in our climate, and to process and manufacture with the best modern machinery.

Also we want model villages on every farm coöperative, and near every factory and mill. We want houses of fireproof materials, with plumbing and all conveniences. They should be air-conditioned houses, because it becomes extremely hot in the interior of California; and the essence of this plan is that it centers about a great water and power project, so that the people will have unlimited supplies of electricity, to light, heat and cool their homes. We want churches, schools, libraries and social centers. Our collective labor and skill have devised comforts, and our labor can produce them, and they should be the birthright of every American who is willing to do his share of productive work.

We want this job to be put through by federal engineers and technicians, and we want it under the control of a federal commission at the outset. Later on we want the members of the administrative body to be elected by those who derive their livelihood from the system; for we are American citizens, and we like to manage our own affairs, and do not take kindly to permanent bureaucratic control. Give us land and machinery, and a little time to get used to the job, and we will learn to take care of ourselves; in twenty years we will pay off the debt, and own our own economic system, and our children will call you their benefactor. . . .

The opposition to Production for Use comes mainly from the belief that the old system is reviving, and that private business will reëmploy all. But surely, Mr. President, in your two terms not quite all can be reëmployed. In the boom of 1928-29 there were two million idle, and you cannot hope for better than that. So I urge you to set up this system for half a million, and make sure of keeping them off the backs of the taxpayers. . . .

You have the money already in hand for this project, and all you have to do is to pick the right man and give him the word. I am not the man, and do not ask for this job or any job, but I offer to help with tongue and pen. I point out to you that 879,000 voters in California asked for this, and many other thousands by now are bitterly sorry that they did not. Our state is full of people who understand the EPIC Plan, and will go to work with fervor and devotion. I have no doubt that if I were to say the word, I could cause a flood of letters and telegrams to come to you; but this would be an old story to you, and I don't think you need prodding. I count upon that open mind and quick apprehension which I noted when I called upon you last September.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Book and Magazine Guild

SIR: A guild of men and women employed in professional and executive work in book and magazine publishing has been organized under the name of the Book and Magazine Guild of America. A strong sentiment for organization has been for some time apparent among these groups, and after several preliminary meetings the present organization was formed. The guild includes workers in the editorial, production, promotion and distribution branches of these industries. It does not include weekly-magazine employees, who are eligible for the Newspaper Guild; nor typists, accountants and other office-workers.

The Book and Magazine Guild is intended to serve the cultural and economic interests of its members by furnishing a medium for the exchange of information; by taking action to safeguard civil liberties and to oppose all censorship laws; by working for social-security laws for the professional and executive workers excluded from recent legislation; by providing technical training in typography, editing and other specialized publishing work; by operating an employment service for members; by coöperating with other employee groups; and in general by stimulating the growing sense of solidarity among those employed in this field.

All workers in the above-mentioned categories are invited to join the new organization, whether or not now employed, and are asked to send their names to Lillian Lustig, secretary of the Book and Magazine Guild, 215 West Ninety-second Street, New York City.

New York City. JAMES GILMAN, President.

The Rank and File in the War

SIR: I was not a little shocked by the method of presentation of the article, "War and the Common Soldier" [The New Republic, May 22]. It is known to all conversant with army routine that the relation of private to officer in the European armies at that time was characterized by the gulf between them. Kipling emphasized it with regard to the British army, the Foreign Legion is an example of French procedure, the German methods were well known, and so on all along the line. There is consequently no excuse for ignorance among the educated. It is also well known that the A.E.F. was not a separate army waging a private war with a separate enemy, but was an integral part of a very large mass of troops composed mainly of men from various nations in which these rules of discipline were an iron routine, and that attempts to set off the American privates as a privileged group would have been impracticable to say the least.

I am not an apologist for military routine or for war itself, nor do I approve of the instances of tyranny quoted by the author, if they are authentic; the fact that Mr. Wilson was only twelve years old at the close of the War makes it clear that his evidence was at long second hand, and the omission of the facts above noted indicates an inaccuracy that naturally leads to suspicion of his sources, or towards a belief that he is presenting one side of a case; let us hope that in the book of which this is supposed to be a part he will show more than one face of the shield.

Wakefield, R. I. ROGER G. PERKINS.

SIR: Having served both in the French and American armies, first as a private and then as a student officer, I should like to disagree with Mr. Perkins' letter.

The restrictions imposed on American privates were as uselessly and persistently irritating as a nail driven through the heel of your army boots. That they were unnecessary is proved by two things. First, the French got along without most of them—or at least the French were getting along without most of them in 1917, after they had been fighting for three years. Common soldiers and officers could eat in the same restaurants, drink in the same cafés, sleep in the same hotels (if they had the money to pay for their rooms) and go out on a binge together. Perhaps this is overstating the case. You never saw a private and a major, say, drinking at the same table—but at one table you might see a private, a corporal and a sergeant, and at the next table a sergeant, an adjutant and a captain. The French army hierarchy had no sharp break in it such as exists in our army between the topmost sergeant and the nethermost lieutenant. Second, the distinctions of rank in the American army broke down in the trenches. In the heat of fighting, the shavetail just out of an O.T.C. very often had sense enough to take his instructions from a hard-boiled sergeant or corporal. The farther you got away from the front line, the more majestic became the officer and the humbler the private. The less need there was for discipline, the more of it was imposed.

MALCOLM COWLEY.

New York City.

The Paris Congress of Writers

SIR: The American Organizing Committee of the International Congress of Writers for the Defense of Culture wishes to announce that the Congress, to be held in Paris, has been postponed from June 3 to June 21. The Congress is anti-war and anti-fascist in its ends, and American writers who agree with this general program are urged to attend. If they are going, they should get in touch with the Secretariat of the Congress at 1 Cité Paradis, Paris, France.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, MALCOLM COWLEY,
VAN WYCK BROOKS, WALDO FRANK,
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN. LEWIS MUMFORD,

New York City. AMERICAN ORGANIZING COMMITTEE.

Extracts from Letters

THE American Newspaper Guild and the Dodge Publishing Company are sponsoring a contest for American journalists in which $1,500 is offered as a prize for the best work of fiction and a like amount for the best non-fiction work. The announced purpose of the contest is to encourage newspaper men and women to become increasingly active in the American literary scene. The judges will be Heywood Broun, Lewis Gannett and Fanny Butcher. Entries must be in not later than December 31, 1935, and application blanks and further details may be had by writing either to the American Newspaper Guild, 49 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City, or the Dodge Publishing Company, 4 West Sixteenth Street, New York City.

The New Republic has several times mentioned in its pages the strike of office employees of The American Mercury, New York City (issue of May 22, page 48, issue of June 5, page 104). The strike is in its sixth week, and the strikers are in great need of funds. Any one desiring to assist them can send contributions to American Mercury Strike Headquarters, care of Scott, 66 West Fifty-sixth Street, New York City.

A United Anti-Nazi Conference is to be held at the New School for Social Research in New York City on Saturday, June 29, according to an announcement sent us by the Anti-Nazi Federation of New York, whose objectives are to combat German Fascism and Nazi activities in the United States and to aid victims of Nazi persecution. Organizations of all kinds interested in freedom, peace and justice are urged to send delegates to the United Conference, which is being sponsored by Waldo Frank, Arthur Garfield Hays, the Reverend John Haynes Holmes, Professor Robert Morss Lovett, J. B. Matthews, the Reverend A. Clayton Powell, Professor Frederick L. Schuman, Professor Goodwin Watson, James Waterman Wise, the Electrical Welfare Club, Inc., Workmen's Sick and Death Benefit Fund, A.F. of L. Committee for Unemployment Insurance and Relief, International Workers' Order, International Labor Defense, National Committee to Aid Victims of German Fascism, and the Anti-Nazi Federation of New York.

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Strange Shade

90° in the Shade, by Clarence Cason. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 186 pages. $2.50.

THE SUICIDE, coming soon after his book's appearance, of Clarence Cason, gives to the criticism of his book, naturally, a slightly different turn. From all I have heard through his friends, he was a fine and charming spirit, one whose death they regret with a special tenderness, vividness and despair. From what I have gathered in reading his book, he had many qualities of a fresh and lovely nature, which he has in the book itself not learned as yet to convey and express with a just fullness and competence. There are also in him many qualities most Southern in their cast that I can gather from the reading and that he himself had not yet the discipline and concentration to discuss exactly. In this case I would say that if Cason had lived, he might well have gone further, and that such a furtherance would have been in the direction of himself.

The difficulty involved when Southerners today want to write about the South is expressed quite simply. "You have," an interested intellectual rich man said to me not long ago, "quite an intellectual movement now in the South." "Yes," I said, "when we had a culture, you could not understand it, but cause-tags and labels are easily discussed." Which is to say that culture such as in the South we had—and have shreds of still, in spite of outside insistences and often in spite of ourselves it seems—cannot be conveyed: mill strikes, wrongs and rights, plus many other circumstances, and clichés too, lend themselves to expression, exposition and journalism. Any mild talent can write about these, any idiot can write a review with the recognizable causations or boilings as the case may be.

Proof, or illustration, of that first point is easy. In the World War it proved to be the fact that to such as knew nothing of English life, of our American inheritance from the British Isles, of our parallels to it in living, or of the bases of English literature, the conveyance of certain things proved impossible. The conveyance of what is English culture as compared with Prussian *kultur* turned out to be beyond the sharpest propaganda skill. It is obvious that reporting the latest daily strike situation in the Glasgow region can be done, at least more or less, by a sophomore; but to convey the forces, roots and savors that have held in the more solid English living for generations is quite another matter. Hence in the World War British propaganda, the resort to atrocities and other tangible appeals, easily expressed in sheer words, argument and gore.

It could, doubtless, be said that the most profound matters can be conveyed, expressed, only in terms either of the art of living or the arts of literature and so on. (Where does this leave the average journalist or editorial descanting on such matters?)

Among a great many Southern writers of the last several decades it can easily be seen that the main trouble is that their points of view are muddled. In a sense as writers they have no workable point of view. They are capable of segregations in their views, of writing books that consciously or unconsciously follow the things that are wished of them from the outside, or are thrown at them out of the poverty-stricken mass of seasonal patter. They are infected by whatever problems may be generally handed out as interesting. They are sometimes good men talking causes, or are often powerless men talking current cant. In some low cases they are, in Congreve's phrase, merely like an old maid at a wedding, they don't know what they say.

Unless we are to discard all history, one of the most expected approaches to any society would be through the records of tradition in other countries, the history of diverse societies besides our own that exist or have existed. In many of our Southern critical authors things are taken up as if the author knew nothing of history or of the existence of these very things in plenty of foreign countries or, for that matter, elsewhere in the United States. This leads them to curiously unfriendly conclusions or citations so far as their own section is concerned, and to provincial stupidities in departments where mere pride should have warned them to investigate in order that, when they do speak, they may know at least how to distinguish between what is Southern and what is either nationwide or international.

The wheedling and vulgar jacket on "90° in the Shade" may serve as a simple case in point. It does the book's quality a vile injustice, but it serves us at the moment for an example. "Politics is a major sport, but the Southerner is more interested in elections than in government." Where else in this country is politics a profound, passionate concern in government or theory? What, if you have ever read anything, of ancient Athens? What, if you have ever been anywhere, of those chattering cafés in modern Greece? "A full-bodied and living picture," says the jacket, "of the land that sprawls widely from the Potomac to the Rio Grande—religious bigotry, ignorance and stubborn fundamentalism, cape jessamine and moonlight, 'possum hunts and demagogues, local option and local cawn." What a cheap and stupid appeal! How, for instance, does an Oxford Englishman pronounce the word "corn" (though Saginaw, Michigan, may not)? Fanaticism, bigotry and so on, these are not simple terms; one may be a fanatic about advertising, evince a bigotry of Rotarianism, and a fundamentalism of plumbing, motion and child-mindedness. The devotions of Spain, the tradition of the Italian individualism, the certain sense of responsibility in the British landed class; the liberalism of a little group with an attendance, last Thursday in a rented hall, of 227, the newness and freedom of people who have never heard of what it is they have freed themselves from! I do not mean that any of these things are good or bad, right or wrong; I only mean that many of our Southern writers suffer (sometimes cannily) from a vast ignorance that is in itself a kind of fundamentalism of the uncultured.

This is not to say that they should cover up or make excuses for many conditions in the South; it is merely to say that things must be seen in scale to make any real sense or contributory discussion. One of the things that strikes me in many of our latter-day Southern writers is that it is impossible to make out who it is that they are writing for. In discussing a social condition are they writing for someone who knows history and the foundations of various societies or for a traveling salesman who believes in signboard advertising and the latest automobile?

Such remarks by no means apply to all of Cason's book, which must be considered in a second article.

STARK YOUNG.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Change of Identity

COULD one possibly read James T. Farrell's impressive Lonigan trilogy without feeling an irresistible desire to sermonize? Farrell always gives us the feeling that what he says is authentic. Hence his story of a young Chicago Irishman, bred in a typically modern-Catholic orientation, forms a ghastly attack upon the educational influences, both formal and informal, to which his representative hero is subjected. When reading his three vigorous volumes, the last of which has been published recently,[1] one can well understand why conscientious persons raised in a thoroughgoing religion may as adults be able to tolerate nothing short of absolute atheism, manifesting an almost ferocious hatred of the God-concept, and categorically shutting off all visions of damnation by violently insisting upon the mortality of the soul.

I admit that I have considerable sympathy with religious lore (as preserved in the formulations of the Church's philosophers, psychologists and mystics, and as manifested in a vast structure of myth and symbolism that seemed miraculous in its ability to take care of basic human difficulties). I believe the visions that give purpose and unity to historic movements are in essence religious. And I am convinced that, however secular the terminology guiding our subsequent social directions may set out to be, it will not succeed in handling the essential problems of human relationship unless it finds ways of paralleling, in its own terms, the mental patterns formed in the past by religious imagery. In this work of secular transformation, I think, the "illumination" will come primarily from our poets.

To read Farrell's startling trilogy, however, is to feel how complete the transformation must be. At least as regards the class that provides all the important characters of his trilogy (the "low Irish" of a metropolis), Farrell repeatedly shows us, with a feverish insistence that makes the heart sink, how completely unfit the precepts of the Church are for coping with the principal morbidities of today. Primitive Catholicism may have been strongly collectivistic; and medieval Catholicism, for all its tolerance of serfdom, may have been pitted against the cults of nationalism, individualism and business; but what Farrell pictures today is a slovenly manipulation of superstition and prejudices that directly or indirectly stimulates jingoism, race hatred, sexual orgy, alcoholism, cruelty and uncritical acceptance of a drastically ailing economic structure. In this respect, the picture he draws is not new. Farrell's claim to distinction is the purely esthetic one of having given form to his own particular range of experience. But in the course of thus putting things together, he shows most poignantly, at times even terrifyingly, how the religious emphases, at least as manipulated by average priests under capitalist conditions, make spontaneously for moral disorganization through their very vocabulary of virtue. As we read we see the full irony of the situation he portrays: the fact that those who are *pushed down* by a defective economic system are *held down* by the very structure of meanings to which they turn for guidance and solace.

A morality is an equipment for living. At its best, it is a felicitously adjusted set of values which, by inducing people to despise real social dangers and to desire real social goods, promotes the maximum of coöperative conduct in the group as a whole. Yet Farrell shows us a dangerous misalliance of religious and late-capitalist values that—by combining the informal instruction of the pool room and the "can house" with dismal political thinking of the ward-heeler variety and a moral training that mainly lays the basis for pruriency—contrives in the end to promote an incongruous moral clutter (a clutter that contributes most to "coöperation" by stifling and misdirecting criticism of the current commercial framework).

Other writers may appear and give us other versions. (For, as conditions continue to tighten, we may well discern the same "class lines" *forming within* a religious orientation as outside it.) I am simply discussing now the convincing version provided us by Farrell. In his tough, fluent lingo, he gives us three novels that bear devastating evidence, on every page, of the drastically anti-social amalgam we get when run-down capitalism and religious conformism are put together—the first creating the need of accurate economic appraisals, and the second obscuring the need by a continual thundering against symptoms while causes go unquestioned.

The most interesting paradox in Farrell's trilogy to me is the extreme *moralism* that figures in his characters' decay. Their brutality and carousing are done with the most exacting sense of propriety; one can feel their scrupulous straining to "belong," in accordance with a woefully muddled system of values that (a) does not properly name the evils of their economic structure, (b) does not properly name their own individual quandaries with respect to the situation in general, and (c) attempts to make up for its inaccuracy by an elaborate tissue of promises, indulgences, and condemnations thoroughly irrelevant. In this sense, we may feel his characters' decay, not as weakness, but as a sensitive recording of the colossal moral burdens being placed upon them. Their corruption, their loss of social purpose, their confused devotion to a gang morality—all this may be considered as the crude first draft of a judgment which, if properly revised, can become correct and wholesome.

Reading the three volumes of Farrell's trilogy in succession, I noted certain shifts in treatment that I considered significant. In the first, "Young Lonigan," which begins with Studs's graduation from St. Patrick's grammar school at the age of fifteen, we have by far the closest interweaving of Studs's character with the events about him. He is almost wholly a part of his environment—with but a slight sense of separation, best observable in the occasional feeling on the boy's part that there is a door in his mind, and the vision of his deliberately closing this door at times when he wishes to shut away untoward thoughts. In "The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan" there enters a stronger sense of dissociation; inserted between the main chapters of the plot, there are brief interludes in italics, totally different in style (ceremonious, novelistic interpretations that suggest the "layer" method of Dos Passos).

In "Judgment Day" the element of dissociation is advanced far beyond a dualism in treatment. The mark of it is strongly upon Studs Lonigan himself. Though Studs does not die until the end of volume three, an integral part of him died after his besotted collapse at the end of volume two. "Judgment Day" opens by stressing his fear of death (a theme that had been present in the two preceding books, but now becomes major). Though still a young man, he is

[1] Judgment Day, by James T. Farrell. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.50.

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obsessed with the thought of his physical deterioration, and given to morose comparisons with what he *had been* or *might have been*. And for all his paucity of vocabulary, he has become somewhat the observer (much of the plot being a succession of typical city scenes, with Studs simply transferred from one to the next). Studs walks beneath a shadow (a state which has, for its one good side, a much more humane attitude towards his parents).

Returning now to my opening remarks: I believe that, however radically we transform the *dogmas* of religion, its *essence* must remain. And that even in a man like Farrell, whose ferocity against the Church has been turned into these energetic books, we may expect to see the religious processes perpetuated. Thus, his Lonigan trilogy might be called an initiation service—the dropping of one personality and the assuming of another in its place. And as Studs dies, leaving an unmarried woman pregnant with his child, while the radicals demonstrate in the streets, we can discern the tenor of this magic rite whereby a change of role is heralded in the symbolism of a novelist's plot.

KENNETH BURKE.

A Mathematical Peep-Show

New Pathways of Science, by Sir Arthur Eddington. New York: The Macmillan Company. 343 pages. $3.

SCIENCE has been brought historically into being by the social drive to cater for the physical and intellectual needs of man. Swept along in the wake of industry, it has passed, like it, from the point where the individual craftsman turned his hand to all and every aspect of science, to the equivalent of the factory system: the large-scale laboratory in which intense specialization and subdivision of labor go hand in hand. Practically the mathematician alone still remains a homeworker plying his specialized craft in splendid isolation. He is the Great Coördinator expressing the findings of the humdrum experimenter in symbolical forms, knitting them together with logic. Wielding an instrument that is essential in almost every scientific study, he tends to be regarded as the uncrowned king of science. But solitude is a negation of society, preventing any participation in communal practice; and so the mathematical hermit, shuffling his symbols in the dark caves of his mind, interprets the universe in terms of the realities that have become to him most vital.

"What we are dragging to light as the basis of all phenomena," says Sir Arthur Eddington in his new book, "is a scheme of mathematical symbols connected by mathematical equations. That is what physical reality boils down to when probed by the methods which a physicist can apply." Just so. A queue of unemployed, a battle in workers' flats in Vienna, a hunger march, the song of a bird—all a scheme of symbols in a mathematical equation. All is well, for the world of strife has slipped through Eddington's fingers.

Seven years have now passed since he last peeped through the tiny aperture at the end of his cave, and wrote up his findings in "The Nature of the Physical World." Nothing has changed in the interim: "New Pathways of Science" has just a few more symbols, a little more about cosmic constants, shows a surer grasp of the precise nature of the end of this symbolical world, more knowledge about our ignorance of the nucleus of the atom, and includes a reaffirmation that determinism (apparently an unnecessary assumption in his mathematical logic) has vanished. The margins of indeterminacy in the universe are so large that "in the present indeterminist scheme there is freedom to operate within them," for "the activities of consciousness do not violate the laws of physics." So all is well both with Church and State. The fearsome bogey has at last been slain by mathematics itself, and science has committed harakiri. It remains only for the scientific and non-philosophical works of Sir Arthur to be consigned to the Library of Burned Books, if we are to remain logical.

Can we get all this straight? If Eddington could see himself as part of the social group that engages in science, and recognize its function in society, he might also see his mathematical network as part of the logic of physics, and physics—theoretical and practical—as part of the logic of nature. He would not then attempt to explain the dog away in terms of its tail. Separating his mathematics from the remainder of the scientific coöperative effort, as a logic in itself, he constructs a picture of a static universe upon which an independently existing determinism has been falsely grafted from some kind of "outside." That indeed is a mystical view, and he endeavors to meet it by yet another mystical view that swallows up the whole of the universe in his mathematical logic. He is tilting at a knight who died in the nineteenth century. The problem that science has had posed it is: How to extract from the interrelated flux that is the universe, a sequence of processes which exhibits a unified mode of change, and by means of which useful predictions may be made? Predictability of this nature is the sole test for the presence of determinism; it is the obverse side of the coin. To admit predictability and not determinism is like saying "I have sense organs, but they do not sense any *thing*. I have only disembodied sense data."

The next step, for science, is to understand what kind of predictions, *i.e.*, what kind of determinism, can be expected from an interrelated world. All the disentanglement or isolation that a physicist designs his experiment to obtain, is necessarily only partial. The remaining "interferences," including the physicist himself, are lumped together as "error," so that all his statements and predictions involve a measure of probability. This of course is an old story, but we have to see the newer discoveries in this light, because they tell us the nature of entanglements that cannot be loosened. All this bother about the "indeterminacy" of the nucleus of the atom has arisen simply because working beyond the range of visibility, with instruments, including light, that cannot but "interfere" with the tiny entities studied, the physicist finds the margin of "error" so large, comparatively, as to vitiate the accuracy of his predictions. The reason for this is known, and there is no mysticism about it. What has unseated the Eddington school of thinkers is the fact that in the past they have regarded determinism from the early nineteenth-century standpoint as something imposed on a static universe from without instead of as part of the actual physical logic and drive in the material world.

But more than this. They are mathematical physicists whose task it is to knit all this together logically. Taking as their basic unit the nucleus, about which we can know least, they naturally construct a symbolical universe that is basically indeterminate. It is not at all surprising. It might almost have been predicted.

Science establishes its case by experiment. I ask the reader of this book to delete all those parts that depend for their validity on a determinist method and see how much science is left. The book will then be found floating in the rarefied atmosphere of subjective idealism.

HYMAN LEVY.

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A Poetry of Beliefs

Chorus for Survival, by Horace Gregory. New York: Covici, Friede. 127 pages. $2.

HORACE GREGORY'S third volume of poetry is as much an advance over his second as the second was over the first, but not in a sense that minimizes the value of those earlier books. Its advance is organic to its experience—a growth not only in directing a keen craftsmanship toward uses that often enfeeble both their instrument and their purposes, but in understanding the problems in modern thought and feeling that lie below such uses. Gregory is grouped among writers of social revolution, where he is remarkable for adding the authority of a poet to the authorization, whatever it may be worth, of official orthodoxy. But this distinction is incidental to his fundamental qualities. The sincerity and art that have gone into his books should be major assets to any cause, but they are too substantial to need or allow partisan coercion. What is important is that their authority exists before and after the specific issues of subject matter are faced. This is equivalent to saying that Gregory, as a poet, dignifies his beliefs by bringing to them the highest integrity of which the intelligence, socially or practically directed, is capable.

"Chorus for Survival" is essentially a volume of lyrics, nineteen passages of them, of varying lyric consistency. Some sections lean toward dramatic interpretation of situation or character; some toward hortatory address to self, son or contemporaries; the best toward that proving of concepts in their personal reality which is the lyric's special function. His lyricism connects Gregory with the new English school, but his difference from their stringent speech and almost artificially desentimentalized rhetoric shows him to disagree with their forcible repudiation of romantic tradition. He does not illustrate Edwin Muir's criticism of the Auden cénacle: that while "it is sincere, vigorous, and in the popular sense original, it does not penetrate to any great depth, and deliberately avoids the passions that tradition has always regarded as the profoundest." For one thing, Gregory profits by the skeptical rigor that American poets of the past quarter-century have applied correctively to those passions. For another, he does not approach his themes through dialectic forms or abstractions.

"Chelsea Rooming House," his first book, was his apprenticeship to poetic and moral responsibility. It bred him in real and immediate observation, and in the language and form appropriate to such discipline. It was a poetry of detail, still fragmentary in structure, but based on an intimate realization of its external elements. "No Retreat" dealt with the personal problem behind such knowledge, discarding the symbols of post-war dissolution and havoc, but gaining in the deepening passion of self-discovery, and of that examination of conscience which ended by giving the book its title. "Chorus for Survival" reconstructs these materials—not completely (for its unity is formally vicarious, more a result of typography and arrangement than of conception), but with moral self-assurance, and with a widening of scope that takes in, beyond humane impulses and classical symbols already familiar in his verse, significant figures from history—Aretino, Marquette, Whitman, Emerson, a defeated modern poet, a millionaire suicide, and the son addressed in the final pages as a means of bringing a final conviction to the hope announced in the title.

A book like this rests wholly on a basis of constructive sincerity. It relies little on the props of stylistic tradition, literary reminiscence or classical impersonality. Gregory's candor employs no disguise. In fact, his honesty is so plain that one may overlook the fact that his lyric structures are subtle and calculated. One may complain that the instrument of sincerity is not yet perfected; it is betrayed by excessive apostrophe, exhortation, running commas, dashes and parentheses. The impressionistic method appropriate to "Chelsea Rooming House" here reveals its inadequacy to intense emotion. Also, the juxtaposition of classic or divine with modern or profane symbols lapses into cliché. But these marks are as essential to Gregory's maturing strength as the traces of earlier mannerism are in the later political and philosophical poetry of Yeats, a poet in whom Gregory finds a closer affinity than in the Eliot with whom he is sometimes contrasted, or in Crane and Cummings, on whom some of his devices occasionally and unwisely depend. Such survivals of his earlier work emphasize the factual scruple and tested emotion that quicken his finest lyrics, saving them from the messianic strain that exhausted Crane, and from the oratory or partisan unction that falsifies most of the current poetry of social faiths.

The finest sections of this book—"Poet and friend, how many times," "Under the stone I saw them flow," "Waking from sleep we heard the Great Lakes' tide," "Through streets where crooked Wicklow flows," and "They found him sitting in a chair"—surmount the special claims of their beliefs, and belong with the finest poetry yet achieved by a generation to whom "Chorus for Survival" may stand as both lesson and program.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Paint Job

The Man Who Had Everything, by Louis Bromfield. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.

IT IS certainly true that Mr. Bromfield's hero has had almost "everything"—fame, success, luxuries, sophisticated and equally successful friends, and other things—but he has not had a very good education, either of the formal or of the empirical sort. At a very late hour in modern history he discovers that all these possessions are not what his egotistic youthful ambitions had led him to believe they were, and his success turns to ashes in his mouth. He has lived for some years in New York, where he might have heard many things; but he has to board an ocean liner and travel the whole way to France, to a prosperous farm in Normandy, in order to learn that "the individual exists only as a part of the whole scheme and that when the individual seeks to become the whole scheme, there is only disaster and unhappiness." He could scarcely learn a more salutary lesson, but his imperfect education promises to keep him from applying it concretely in a very fruitful way.

Mr. Bromfield leaves his protagonist at a point where he is planning to buy another Norman farm on behalf of his illegitimate son by a Frenchwoman, and thus secretly to found a line of deeply rooted landholders who will indefinitely be attached to something—the French soil, that is—more significant than they themselves are, as individuals. It is true that he is also planning to be divorced by his wife and to marry a neurotic actress. Mr. Bromfield represents him as feeling that his major problems are now solved, and seems to share the illusion. It is probably this last fact that mainly accounts for the expensive literary finish and the intellectual emptiness of the book.

NEWTON ARVIN.

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Queen Marie

The Story of My Life, by Marie, Queen of Rumania. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 680 pages. $4.

Ordeal: The Story of My Life, by Marie, Queen of Rumania. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 429 pages. $3.75.

IN TWO incredibly trivial and insignificant books Queen Marie has told the least important and the least interesting details of her full career. The second volume—largely made up of excerpts from her diary—surpasses the first in interest and importance because the War intervened with results for Rumania terrible enough to make an impression on Queen Marie's mind.

In the first volume she wrote in excruciating detail of the part of her life that led up to the coronation of herself and King Ferdinand. Related as she was to Queen Victoria, Kaiser Wilhelm and the last Tsar, with unusual opportunities for observation of their characters and policies, one might expect at least some atom of political and personal interest from her prolix reminiscences. But for all its worth as history, the book might have been written by the mother of six children who had led an exceedingly vain and dull life in the Bronx.

Underneath the sugary truisms that clutter every page, one does get an impression of meanness and cruelty surrounding her life, though she does not intend to convey such a horrid idea. Brought up by a Russian mother who appears from her daughter's veiled words to have been both stern and dense, and a father who seems merely an obtuse English duke, she was married at seventeen to a nonentity of a Crown Prince. Thereafter Marie bred babies for Rumania until the War, when the old king died.

The second volume records the difficulties of Rumania's position between two fires during the War. Queen Marie leaned ardently towards the country of her childhood days, England, and the country of her relatives, Russia. Her husband, the King, leaned naturally towards the country of his ancestors, Germany. Rumania was finally dragged in on the Allied side only to be badly defeated by the Germans and Austrians, and shortly to be forsaken by the Allies, who had their hands full on other fronts. The Queen tells in detail of her daily work of mercy and pity for the soldiers, and of the heart-breaking retreats and the abandonment of Bucharest. But her methods of revelation are unsatisfactory. She hints and evades and sentimentalizes and romances. Finally, the Russian Revolution having made Rumania's position even more precarious, it is only to be expected that she should not understand the significance of that revolution. Those who were killed or exiled by that movement were her sisters and her cousins and her aunts. The peace Russia made with Germany afterwards endangered Rumania still further, and it looked for a time as if the country would be bottled up with no place to retreat. The final successes of the Allied armies on the Western front and against Bulgaria and Turkey saved Rumania, and the final peace gave the country its desire, control of Bessarabia and Transylvania.

Queen Marie finds a royal life a hard one; kings and queens, she tells us, have to go on if their hearts are breaking. They belong to their public, like Mary Pickford, and the public is ever ready to turn and rend them. An outstanding, strong personality, of course, can even make a career out of being a king or a queen, but Queen Marie does not seem to understand the secret of success, though one suspects that unconsciously she possesses some of that secret. She remarks sadly, for instance, about the Kaiser: "If he had been successful up to the very end his name would have remained that of a great emperor." It never seems to have occurred to her that if he had been a great emperor, he might have been successful to the end. Queen Marie hated even the German revolution. These are the entries in her diary for November 10, 1918:

> Kaiser Wilhelm and the Crown Prince have abdicated! It seems impossible. Proud Cousin Bill! I cannot say that I like it! No doubt it is a logical end, but I, for one, like a country to stand and fall with its ruler, its King, a father with his family.

It is understandable that the Queen should have put her schoolgirl reflections into her dear diary, but it is incredible that she should have thought it worth while to reprint them seventeen years later.

Beauty, as exemplified by the gaudily perfect dinner she attended at the court of Tsar Nicholas II before the War, seems to have fled from the face of the earth:

> Other principles rule the world today: up to the present I have not perceived that they have made it any happier or more prosperous, but what I do perceive is that beauty is being murdered more and more every day. Is there "achievement" in this? Perhaps; but does it bring contentment? Permitting myself for once a cynicism, I would like to say, No, not even the very material contentment of that horde of red-and-gold-clad footmen who consumed or carried back to their families the copious remains of their imperial master's feast. . . .
>
> *Mais tout passe. . . .*

The Queen's economics are of the school that even Wall Street no longer openly follows, according to which the droppings from the rich man's table are the salvation of mankind.

M. R. WERNER.

The Rubber-Tappers

The Vortex, by José Eustasio Rivera. Translated by Earle K. James. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

IN BREAKING away from the traditions of the mother country, Spanish America has created a literature of extraordinary vitality. The novelists have been few, the poets many. Starting his career as a poet and instructor, J. E. Rivera rapidly moved into diplomatic circles. He was commissioned by his government to trace the boundary between Colombia and Venezuela, and it was while on this service that he acquired the background for his first and only novel (originally, "La Vorágine").

The savage strength of the jungle gradually feeds itself into this story, in which a young poet, Arturo Cova, elopes with his mistress to the pampas. Cattle-training, dice-throwing, intrigue and duplicity enliven their romance. As Alicia's indifference grows, she mounts in her lover's esteem: and Rivera, who tells the story through Cova, deftly exploits the irony in his material. Learning that Alicia has been decoyed into the interior by a rubber bandit, Cova swears revenge, and sets off in her pursuit.

A trek across plain, river and jungle unfolds before the poet the rapacious dealings of the rubber merchants, and their greedy traffic in human flesh. The rubber-tappers are cheated and flogged; their nominal freedom is little more than a mask for a state of slavery. The master gives them working implements, food, clothing, blankets and the right to a woman, in exchange for which they must provide him

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with a minimum of ten liters of latex a day. But the discrepancy between the amount credited them for rubber and that charged for their supplies is so great that a whole lifetime of work does not suffice to wipe out their debt, which is passed on to their children. Plunder, cruelty and assassination go unscouted and unpunished by law in the leafy seclusion of the jungle.

None was better equipped than Rivera to describe the bewilderment of this world. He succumbed to its fevers, and knew the tragic hostility with which it fronts the lives of rubber dealer and slave. More, one is amazed to find, in a first novel, the highly developed technique that links Cova's and Don Clemente's stories. The narrative, which tends to sprawl through the first part of the book, gradually tightens and moves forward like a panting animal. Although the admirable ease and sensitive diapason of the Spanish text are often lost in translation, "The Vortex" is a document that towers above the ordinary novel in dramatic tenseness and poetic quality.

FRANCES VALENSI.

Books in Brief

Fox, by Christopher Hobhouse. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 330 pages. $3.50.

CHARLES JAMES FOX was a son of Henry Fox, the first Lord of Holland. The father accumulated a vast store of wealth; the son squandered it rapidly through reckless gambling. His private life was most irregular and gave deep offense to respectability. At one time he ran a faro bank, for which he acted as croupier—altogether as eccentric a character as even the British aristocracy ever turned out. In his public life, too, he was generally inconsistent and frequently unprincipled. Nevertheless at the two greatest crises of British politics during his lifetime—the American and French revolutions—Fox assumed a consistent, bold and forward-looking attitude. Mr. Hobhouse's book on him cannot be praised too highly. It writes Fox neither up nor down, but renders the man as he was, with his strength and his failings. One need not even share Mr. Hobhouse's views and opinions, which are conservative, in order to enjoy the book, which is keen and witty and as fine a specimen of finished English prose as has been produced in our day.

H. S.

The House of Adam Smith, by Eli Ginzberg. New York: Columbia University Press. 265 pages. $2.75.

The purpose of this book is to disprove the notion that the existing capitalistic order, with its huge corporations and trusts, can be defended on the principles laid down by Adam Smith in "The Wealth of Nations." From a study of that work, and of the economic condition of England in the eighteenth century, Mr. Ginzberg is easily able to prove that in Smith's day capitalism in its modern form had not yet come into existence, and that Smith was an enemy of every form of governmental favoritism that tended to the establishment of monopoly. In keeping with his purpose, Mr. Ginzberg stresses those features of the Smithian doctrine that were a common possession of the philosophers of the eighteenth century—namely, the belief in a law of nature, natural rights, laissez-faire and individualism—while he ignores the specific Smithian contributions to the development of economic science. Indeed, Mr. Ginzberg shows scant respect for the entire classical school of economists, who labored to establish a theory of distribution

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of the national or social product. To his mind, their analysis "obscured the one important consideration, that an increase in productivity would enable both owner and worker to receive a larger amount of real income." From this advanced standpoint (which, by the way, denies the use of any and all economic science) it follows naturally that Mr. Ginzberg also has little use for and understanding of the theories of Karl Marx. But it does not follow that he is justified in imputing to Marx the statement that John Stuart Mill compares with Adam Smith as a drunken sergeant compares with Wellington. What Marx did say was that Mill resembled Smith as, say, General Williams of Kars resembled Wellington. And by looking it up in an encyclopedia, or in a history of the Crimean War, Mr. Ginzberg might have learned that General Williams of Kars was no drunken sergeant. H. S.

The Baton in the Knapsack, by Laurence Currie. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 224 pages. $3.75.

The jacket blurb may have been intended as first aid to reviewers, or its writers may actually have believed everything it said. But in either case this reviewer offers a dissenting opinion. I do not think that the book is "masterly," or particularly "illuminating"; certainly it is not "new" and not at all "thorough." Mr. Currie should not be held responsible for the blurb. He states quite simply and modestly in the preface that his purpose "was to sketch briefly the career of Napoleon, especially his relations with his marshals, and to consider how far the marshals were responsible for the rise of the Napoleonic Empire and how far some of them at any rate contributed to its fall." Those words describe the book. It is a useful compilation, a cut or two above a primer, sufficiently accurate for its purpose and not very exciting. L. G.

Contributors

ETHEL M. THORNBURY is associate professor of English at the University of Wisconsin, a delegate from the teachers' union to the Madison Federation of Labor, and a member of the legislative committee of the Federation.

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PAUL ROSENFELD, writer and lecturer on art and music, is the author of several books of criticism and fiction.

KENNETH BURKE, whose latest book, "Permanence and Change," was recently published in The New Republic Dollar Series, is the author of a number of other books of criticism and fiction, among them, "White Oxen," "Toward a Better Life" and "Counter-Statement."

HYMAN LEVY, F.R.S.E., professor of Mathematics at the Imperial College of Science and Technology in London, has published numerous books on science and philosophy: "Aeronautics in Theory and Experiment," "Science in the Changing World," "The Universe of Science" and others.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL, associate editor of Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, and professor of English at Loyola University, is spending the summer at literary study in Europe.

NEWTON ARVIN, assistant professor of English at Smith College, contributes articles on literary criticism to several magazines, and has written a biography of Hawthorne and edited "The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals." He has been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for 1935-36.

M. R. WERNER is the biographer of Bryan, Barnum, Brigham Young, and has traveled extensively in Russia. His most recent book, "Privileged Characters," was published by McBride this spring.

FRANCES VALENSI, during the last nine years, has lived abroad, traveling, studying and translating foreign publications. Since her return to this country she has contributed to various magazines and newspapers.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Herman Simpson and Leo Gershoy.

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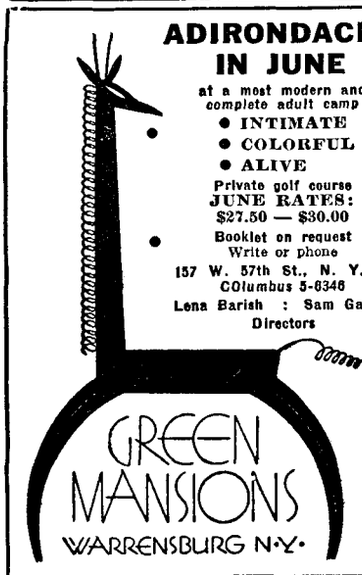

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